

# THE ILLUSTRATED BONSOON NEWS



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[WITH A SUPPLEMENT, FIVEPENCE.]

## THE DEPARTING YEAR.

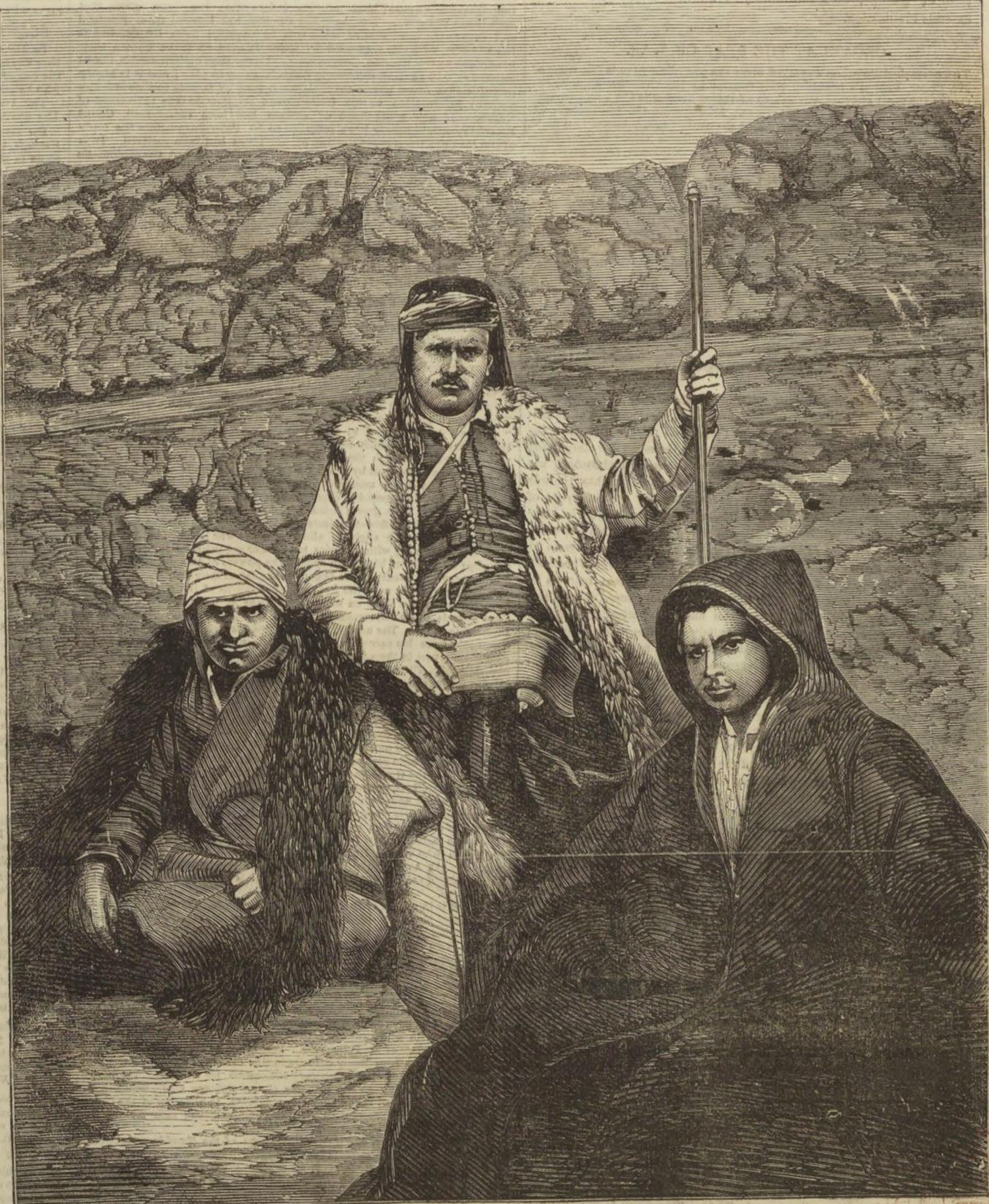
As the heads of firms, establishments, and households balance their accounts, and review the failures and the successes, the shortcomings and the achievements, the faults and the good deeds, the reverses and the progress of the year—so it devolves on the public journalist, by a custom which we cannot but think to be a good one, to review at this particular season the great ledger and the great heart of the nation, and to strike as far as he can the balance for or against the Commonwealth. The task, if performed in a boasting or vainglorious spirit, or with a foregone conclusion to prove one's country to be right and the rest of the world to be wrong, or *vice versa*, answers no good purpose; but, if conscientiously done, with a truthful spirit, and an ordinary amount of honest judgment, it guides public opinion, and helps to mature that wholesome moral sentiment, which, in spite of many errors of action, makes a nation great, and keeps it so.

The year 1855 opened amid difficulty and self-humiliation. An army of heroes, which had fought but seven weeks previously one of the most glorious battles recorded in history—which had driven back an overwhelming force of the Muscovites, seven times its superior in numbers, was left to perish from cold, hunger, and disease; not by an ungrateful or careless country, but in consequence of the defective administration of the army by the authorities at home—by the want of organisation—by the incompatibility of existing means to the desired ends—and by the obstinate adherence of men in office to rusty formalities and effete routine. Great Britain was shamed in her own eyes and those of her allies, and imperilled before her foes, by the disclosures which were made. There were not wanting men who maintained that the evil lay not in the state of things which was proved to exist, but in its divulgence; and who hurled their wrath, not against the blind routine which damaged our fame, and which had nearly lost us an army,—but against the fearless press that had laid bare the iniquity. Their councils, however, did not prevail. Publicity did its appointed work; and though many a reputation that once stood high was wrecked in the discussions that ensued,—though our enemy was pitilessly informed of our weaknesses and our defects—and though our friends stood aghast at the fatuity of the men who had blocked our path to victory,—the nation came out of the difficulty reinvigorated as well as wiser; and friends and foes were alike compelled to own that manly life was yet in us, and to admit the advantages of free discussion over a system that hides evil till it becomes too mighty for a remedy, and engulfs in its fall all that surrounds it. The close of the year finds us not only in an infinitely better position as regards the condition of our army, but as regards the character of the nation in the eyes of the world. We have learned how to profit by adversity. We have turned calamity to good account. We have made error the beacon to light us to the truth, and proved to all interested that peace, if it lulled us into false security, has not made us indifferent, or taken from our hearts all remembrance of the heroism of our ancestors, or from our good right hands all power of imitating it. Though successes have attended our arms; though our enemy, smitten on every point, finds himself without a friend in Europe; though the fiery circle closes rapidly around him; though dubious friends, that would have joined him if he had proved himself the stronger, prepare to unite with that side where Right and Might have struggled and conquered together—the universal feeling in these islands is that we have scarcely done enough for our fame, and that far more than we have accomplished ought to have been attempted. The feeling is wholesome. It augurs well for the future. It shows that the nation is sound at

heart; and that it will begrudge no expense, and stop short at no sacrifice, in support of the cause which it believes to be just. It shows also that the mass of the people are better informed than their rulers of the duty and the dignity of the State; and that they are able to drag Governments and Administrations after them in a rightful course,—to conquer unwillingness by the force of their honest opinion,—and to bear aloft to new triumphs, either in peace or in war, the spotless banner and the glorious name of England. Desirous of peace, but ready for war;—such is the attitude of the nation at the close of 1855. If the year 1856 do not terminate the struggle, it will not be because Great Britain is unreasonable in the one case, or unprepared in the other; or that she lacks either heart or means to complete what she has begun and to gain greater victories, more likely to be productive of

future peace than any which have preceded them. It was a great achievement to take Sebastopol; but there is a greater yet to come. The Allies that determined upon the one, and succeeded, have determined upon the other. In that they will succeed also, if Great Britain be true to herself in the approaching campaign in the Baltic. To France, aided by England, belongs the glory of Sebastopol; to England, aided by France, will belong—unless Russia accepts peace from Austria in the mean time—the equally great, if not greater, glory of Cronstadt and St. Petersburg.

While as a nation we have shown in the conduct of the war that we are not mere worshippers of Mammon, it cannot be denied, by any one who calmly reviews the history of 1855, that there are deep stains on the commercial character of large classes of our people. A lax code of commercial morality, or rather of immo-



CROATS—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. FENTON, IN THE CRIMEAN EXHIBITION.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



rality, has been growing up amongst us in our forty years of peace, and has tainted the spirit both of the middle and upper classes. We live in an age of adulterators and slop-sellers when unscrupulous men, eager to grow rapidly rich, and uncontent with the honest gains of business, seek inordinate profit by deteriorating every article necessary for the health or comfort of the people. We are drugged with adulterated meats and drinks. We live in slop houses—sit and sleep in slop chairs and beds—dine off slop tables, with slop knives and forks, and with sham finery of every description—and we deluge the markets of the world with bad cutlery, with muskets that murder those who discharge them, and with cotton goods from Manchester as false as the philosophy and rotten as the patriotism of many men whom that city has delighted to honour. Fraudulent bankers, swindling merchants, reckless railway managers, dishonest contractors, corporations that are huge jobberies and sinks of corruption; and, worse evil than all these, the prevalence of secret murder by slow poison;—such are a few of the social ulcers that have been exposed to the execration of the world, by our ruthless but wholesome press, during the last few months. We are fain to believe that in these respects we are not much, if any, worse than our neighbours, either in the Old World or in the New; and that Mammon-worship, and all the social iniquities that follow in its wake, flourish in as fatal luxuriance in every other highly-civilised and over-peopled country; but, in consequence of the absence of a free press, are not divulged. It may be so. In this country there are no secrets. Our heart is on our sleeve, for daws to peck at. We tell the truth, though it shame us. Our house is of crystal, and the full daylight streams into it, and shows things which in other countries are shrouded in darkness. This may be considered either an evil or an advantage. Some look upon it in one way and some in another. For our own part we incline to the belief that publicity corrects the evil which it exposes; that a people which can be shocked by such disclosures is an honest people; that the disease, instead of being skin-deep, might attack the heart and the vitals, if there were no press and no pulpit to denounce the scandal, and to point out the remedy. It is for the teachers of the people to turn this disgrace to account, and to do, each man in his own sphere, his utmost to elevate the tone of the public sentiment around him, so that Great Britain may remain, what she has long been, at the head of Europe, and the world, in all that adorns as well as extends civilisation.

#### CROATS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE characteristic group engraved upon the preceding page is from one of Mr. Roger Fenton's beautiful photographs in the Crimean Exhibition. One of the most striking attractions of this collection is the great variety of national character which it presents, arising from the multiplicity of people engaged in the great war. Had the contest lain between two individual nations, the impersonations or portraiture would neither have been so varied nor numerous as in the Crimean Collection, from which we have taken several illustrations.

Croats, it will be remembered, have been variously employed at the seat of war. Their aid in the Transport and Commissariat Service, at Balaclava, were vividly sketched by our Artist and Special Correspondent, in his letter at page 310 of the present volume. In the photograph here engraved is a family in the trenches; where the superior Croat has "the badge of authority—a stick," which is mentioned in our Correspondent's letter. A picturesque Engraving of the Croats' Camp at Balaclava was also given in our Journal of Sept. 8, pages 293.

#### FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

##### FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.

ALAS! the good old greetings of "Merry Christmas!" and "Happy New-Year!" sound but too often out of place this season, where so much of uneasiness and anxiety mark the period. Still people do their best to greet the anniversaries—especially the latter, which here is the much more important one of the two—with becoming festivities, and *étreves* and *bombons* are being prepared and purchased with all due activity. Nor has the war or any other depressing cause affected the inventions of the purveyors of such seasonable commodities. Giroux, Sasse, Tahan, &c., display in their brilliant shops fresh wonders of taste and invention, in the way of nick-nacks, articles of fancy furniture, bronzes, &c. The Grande Magasin du Louvre (probably the largest shop in Europe, certainly one of the best and cheapest), the Trois Quartiers, the Tentation, &c., produce marvels in the way of silks, velvets, gauzes, embroideries, furniture, stufis, and innumerable and unnameable other fabrics and manufactures; Constantin and his compeers display flowers infinitely fresher—*soles Parisiennes* declare—that those produced by nature; Boissier and Bertrand have prepared *bombons* surpassing in deliciousness all the ambrosia compounded by Elysian *confiseurs*; and Sajou, Helbrenner, Bona, and others, have specimens of embroidery and all needlework that would have put Penelope to the blush, and would have easily explained why she spent the night in undoing the labours of the day, setting aside any other motive.

After the reception of the *jour de l'an*, there is to be a set of dinners, balls, and soirees at the Tuilleries, and the Senate proposes to give a magnificent entertainment. The banquet to be given to the troops on their return from the East is settled to take place on the 29th. It is arranged that every soldier of the home army shall receive from the private purse of the Emperor a sufficient sum to treat one or more of those of the returning army, according to the relative proportions of the numbers of each force.

With regard to the question of increasing the number of the Imperial Guard, one report states that the privilege of entering this chosen body will be accorded as a special recompence to the soldiers who have most distinguished themselves in the late campaign. This, however, is only one of the many rumours afloat on the subject, and must, therefore, be received with all reserve.

A magnificent cradle is now being executed for the expected heir to the Imperial throne. This costly piece of furniture is to be taken partly from the model of that of the King of Rome, now at the Louvre, which bears the figures of Victory raising the curtains, partly from a design of M. Ballard, which is said to be singularly beautiful in taste and conception.

The intense cold of the last week has happily given way to a thaw and milder weather. It was feared, a few days since, that we were about to be plunged into all the rigours of last winter. The Seine, after floating large blocks of ice, became finally frozen all over at the end of the week, and the accounts from some of the provinces speak of the severity of the season in the most lamentable terms. At Chambéry, the intendant of the civil list of the King of Sardinia died from cold in the night at the castle, and another servant perished from the same cause, in the neighbourhood.

The will of the late Comtesse de Cayla, whose name is one of historic interest, left, at her death, the splendid château of Ecouen, near St. Omer,

to the Duc de Bordeaux. The Prince, from motives of delicacy, however, declined the bequest, which, by a codicil in the will, now falls into possession of the city of Paris. It is said by some that the château will be converted into a refuge for female orphans, to be established under the patronage of the Empress; by others, that it is to be employed as a branch of the house of the Legion of Honour of St. Denis.

It is stated that the Sultan, departing for the first time from the rule hitherto observed, has consented to accept, from the hands of the Emperor, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The idea, started some time since, of establishing the sale of horseflesh as an article of habitual consumption, daily gains ground, and finds more advocates. A company is already formed for the purpose of advancing the project: speeches and lectures have been delivered on more than one public occasion; and a few days since the director of the school at Alfort gave a dinner to some twenty persons, in which a large proportion of the dishes was composed of this novel ingredient. The guests were not warned beforehand of the nature of the feast, and many of them gave a decided preference to the dishes thus composed. But further than this, it has, it appears, ever since the establishment of the institution, been the custom of the pupils thus to utilise the flesh of all the healthy horses which have been accidentally killed or hopelessly maimed in the school.

The sellers of toys, &c., who from time immemorial have had the privilege of establishing at this season their canvas booths all along the edges of the Boulevards, are this year forbidden to erect them before the 29th inst., after the passage of the troops returning from the East. This measure has filled these itinerant merchants with consternation, which the permission to extend their stay beyond the usual period does not at all diminish,—for the reason that almost all their customers make their purchases before New-Year's-day, in order to serve as gifts for this festival. It is said that they propose to offer a petition to the Emperor for an indemnity.

The appearance of the "Saisons" at the Opéra Comique has brought about a great artistic discussion. The principal part was originally designed by the composer for Mdlle. Caroline Duprez, but accorded by the manager to Mdlle. Ugalde. M. Massé, asserting a privilege to which it seems he was entitled, insisted upon the rôle being restored to Mdlle. Duprez; hence a report that Mdlle. Ugalde had, temporarily or otherwise, lost her voice. In order to disprove this rumour, the cantatrice insisted upon singing three of her most fatiguing parts in succession. The first trial, in *Galathée*, was quite successful; but, M. Massé still holding to his choice, Mdlle. Duprez maintains her place. The great marvel of the season is the performance of the blind Apennine shepherd on a wretched three-holed pipe, from which he, utterly untaught, produces the most exquisite sounds. The thing is really miraculous.

##### THE PEACE PROPOSALS.

The general belief at Vienna is that Count Valentine Esterhazy has received instructions to communicate to the St. Petersburg Cabinet the conditions of peace, of which he is the bearer, as propositions coming from the Western Powers; but reliable information has been given that such is not the case. The Austrian Cabinet has learned from England and France the minimum of what will be required from Russia, but it has not been officially requested by those Powers to make known their conditions to the Russian Government. Under such circumstances, Count Esterhazy will have an extremely difficult game to play; and it is highly probable that some weeks may elapse before he is able to forward any positive information to his Government relative to the intentions of Russia. If any great hope of success had been entertained, Count Esterhazy would hardly have returned to St. Petersburg before the reply of the Porte to the communication of her allies had been received. It is possible that Russia is willing to make concessions, but the diplomatic world is by no means inclined to believe that she will at present accept such terms as those now proposed by the Western Powers.

The *Dresdener Zeitung*, the organ of the Saxon Government, states that Russia is willing to agree to the proposed neutralisation of the Black Sea, subject to certain admissible modifications required by European interests.

##### WHAT RUSSIA THINKS OF THE WAR.

The following private letter from St. Petersburg, dated December 12, gives some insight into the state of feeling in the Russian capital:—

I have hitherto only spoken to you of the rumours of the city—rumours confused, it is true, but persisted in, and which show that the Russians continue still in a state of excitement. You are aware that, properly speaking, there are but three classes here—the nobility, the merchants of foreign origin, and the native Russian merchants. These last receive visits among each other, and never permit any member of the nobility to frequent their houses. The foreign merchants no longer receive; the greater part are ruined, or on the point of being so, by the war, the blockade of the Baltic, and the enormous imposts they have to pay. The nobility receive in compliance with superior orders. The principal personages have been obliged to open their saloons—if the term "saloons" can be applied to apartments furnished with ostentatious luxury, the arrangement of which betrays the *parvenu*. A considerable number of persons saunter through these rooms, and no one dare absent himself—not though he may have lost by death a member of his family. The men gather in groups of two or four around the card-tables, but on which no longer glitter those heaps of gold exposed in other times to good or to bad chance. Since the war those heaps have grown smaller and smaller. The women chat among themselves about indifferent subjects, fashions, or the character of their absent friends. But not the slightest allusion to the war is heard, and the young men, though burning with a desire to speak or get information, dare not open their lips for praise or blame. In spite of the powers of dissimulation attributed to these people, it is easy to see that they are not at their ease.

Nothing transpires as to the frequent consultations of the Ministers with the Emperor—no more than on what takes place at the interviews which the Czar accords to certain strangers passing through, or to the members of the Diplomatic Corps. The nobles, who imagined that after the death of Nicholas they could force his successor to modify the rigour of his Government, and give them a part in the administration of the State, find themselves grievously disappointed. They had waited for thirty years, and their patience has been in vain. Alexander II. assumed the reins of Government with more firmness than was supposed, and tolerated no more than his father that conditions or reforms should be imposed on him. In certain circles here allusion has been made to the alleged intention of the Czar to free all the serfs. This is not the first time that the report has circulated, and if the author of it could be detected he would be punished severely. You may be certain that if such a project has ever been seriously entertained this is not the moment to realise it.

I learn that the Government is uneasy about the Musulman population belonging to the Government, both on the banks of the Volga, as also those of Kasan. Though accustomed to the iron yoke which Russia has fixed on them, they are not the less sincerely attached to their religion, and are, consequently, desirous of seeing Russia succumb in the struggle. The religious enthusiasm which has acted on the Russian people may also produce its effects on the population who profess Islamism, particularly in places where they form the majority. At Astrachan great numbers have been arrested, and have been, most of them, sent to Siberia. In this city it is said that eight Mollahs have disappeared.

Finland is in a state of feeling difficult to describe. Formerly the people of that country had been subjected to none of the onerous charges and the burdens pressing on them since the war. They can no longer dispose of their produce in Swedish, Danish, and German markets. All trade is at an end, and yet the imposts are trebled; and, moreover, they are forced to work for the State, and are obliged to lodge the Russian soldiers, who lay their hands on everything. They now feel for the first time the yoke of Russia, and are, they say, punished for having abandoned Sweden.

The sympathies of the Finns are turned towards Sweden and the West. A great number have demanded authorisation to go to pass the winter at Stockholm; and those who have affairs to transact in Germany have taken the way of Sweden in place of St. Petersburg. The Government has adopted measures which will make them many enemies in this country. It has formally prohibited, for this winter, all temporary emigration for Sweden. The Russians work without ceasing at the defences of the military roads, which a little before Viborg are lost in the marshes and lakes. In violation of the Conventions of 1808, they have also taken all the healthy young men for the army and navy.

If Finland complains, and if the Mussulmans of the Taurida and Astrachan are agitated, it may complicate the situation of Russia, and force her to make peace, and cause a rising.

Add to this danger for Russia the rumour which pervades every village and every hut of an approaching and general emancipation.

It is evident to every one here that if the Allied armies could reach Ekaterinoslav, the Government would be in great danger. And, who knows? we may

one day behold Russia in the same state she was in under the Czar Schoniski.

#### THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

##### THE RUSSIANS REPULSED.

The only news brought by the *Caire* steamer, which arrived at Marseille on Tuesday, relates to the engagement with the Russians mentioned in Marshal Pelissier's telegraphic despatch received in the early part of the week. It appears that as the French have retired in the presence of winter, the enemy have thrown forward their advanced posts at Koluluz and Markul to the north-east, and from Altodor and Ozembash to the north of Baidar. The morning of Sunday, the 9th inst., was dark and drizzling, and the previous night had been wet and stormy. The Russians, with their usual feline aptitude for surprises, crept round the little village of Baga in the dark, and just at the dawn rushed in upon the small party of French which occupied it. For a time the surprise was complete; but our gallant allies soon got together, and at the point of the bayonet, after a smart fusillade, drove out the enemy, who had many horsemen with them. In the pursuit of the Cossacks our allies managed to capture some forty horses, for the former gentry fled by a road which in old times was good enough for a run, but they were astonished to find themselves stopped by a deep scar at a pretty spot where a wall of rock closed the road at the right-hand side, and a precipice formed the left-hand boundary, so they had nothing for it but to dismount and scramble across, leaving the horses, accoutrements, and all to their fate.

The following letter, written by a French officer, dated Sebastopol, 9th inst., gives an account of the affair:—

Yesterday morning at break of day 2500 Russians, hoping to surprise our 5th battalion of foot Chasseurs, encamped at Ourkousta, on the site we occupied previous to our last retrograde movement, descended from the positions of Kaden Otar and Kemer Tcherme into the plain. A patrol of the 4th Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique fortunately perceived their movement, and lost no time in apprising the nearest corps of the approach of the enemy. In a few moments the whole of our first division was under arms and prepared to meet the Russians. The 5th battalion of foot Chasseurs, under the orders of Commander Garnier, who received five dangerous wounds at the first attack upon the Malakoff on the 18th June, assisted by a few companies of the 26th Regiment of the Line, commanded by M. Richebourg, bravely stood their ground, and the assailants, deceived in their expectations, precipitately retreated, leaving 200 men on the field of battle, with twenty prisoners, among whom were two officers. It is to be regretted that the nature of the ground prevented us from pursuing the enemy in his retreat. Our loss does not exceed eighteen or twenty men, and an officer of the 26th Regiment, who was so dangerously wounded that he is not expected to survive. The recent surprise of a post of eight men we had at Kaden Otar no doubt encouraged the Russians to make this attempt.

The weather was frightful, both in the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, at the time the steamer left Constantinople. Twelve merchant-vessels had been wrecked in the Sulina mouth of the Danube.

The news from Kertch and Yenikale are to the 5th instant. The new regiments given over to General Vivian are described as very superior to those he had at Constantinople, as regards both discipline and the demeanour of the superior officers, who accepted their British commanders with much cordiality, and even, it is said, with joy. A formidable line of works was in course of construction at Kertch. The hutting of the troops was nearly completed, but had been interrupted by rain. There was little sickness: out of 4000 men at Yenikale there were but twenty-seven of all ranks in hospital. So the officers were hopeful of getting through the winter without much loss, and of being ordered upon active service in early spring.

##### RUSSIAN PREPARATIONS FOR THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

In the early part of the present year the Russian Government ordered that anybody who came to Finland from Sweden must remain there till the end of the summer. A new order is now promulgated, and foreigners who henceforth visit Finland must remain there till the end of the war.

The Austrian *Gazette* contains a letter from Odessa, under date Dec. 10. The writer says:—

For several days past large bodies of militia have arrived here from Kalouga, Vladimir, and Orel. The preparations for the reopening of the campaign in the spring are greater than ever. The fortifications of Nicolaiev are completed. General Todleben is here, on his return from St. Petersburg. It is said that Prince Gortschakov is about to receive leave of absence; but nothing certain is known on the subject.

Prices continue to rise in the Crimea, as indeed they may well do, looking at the mass of military and speculators now assembled there. So great is the number of additional arrivals, that more than 80,000 persons are said to be at this moment at Simferopol.

As the ordinary population of the town is only 12,000, it may be guessed that the price of bed and board must be at a considerable premium.

##### THE WAR IN ASIA.

The additional particulars received this week regarding the capitulation of Kars have caused more interest to be taken in the movements of Omer Pacha. It was on the 6th ult. that the passage of the Ingour took place, and since then he has had one successful encounter with the Russians.

In his march upon Kutais, Omer Pacha has taken the road which connects that place with Redout Kahel, in order to keep as near the sea as possible, with a view to the commissariat. On the 19th ult. the Turkish army was within two days' march of Kutais; but, as it had halted for a day or two, the belief was that Omer Pacha and his army would not appear before the town before the 23rd or 24th of November.

The *Journal de Constantinople*, of the 13th inst., has the following explanation of the expected evacuation of Kutais by the Russians:—

According to the latest news the Ottoman army was at Siva, six leagues from Kutais. It appears that the Russians will not defend the town. They seem to follow a preconcerted plan. The garrison of Kutais evacuates the citadel and concentrates itself on Gori, at the entrance of the defile that leads into Georgia through the Arminor mountains, a branch of the Caucasus. This passage, the only one that leads directly out of Imeritia, may be defended by a division against a whole army. It is announced that Omer Pacha will take up winter quarters at Kutais. General Mouravieff, it is said, has detached from the army of Kara a brigade which he sends to Akhalzik, to meet Omer Pacha.

##### THE SPANISH MANUFACTURES AND THE NEW TARIFF.

Accounts from Madrid state that the Catalan Deputies in the Legislative Chamber are endeavouring to overthrow the project of the Minister of Finance to reform the tariffs of Spain. They have had a conference with Senor Brull on the subject, to see if he would yield to their arguments; but in this they failed to alter the opinions of that Minister, who, in his answer to them, stated positively that he would go on with his measure of reform against all opposition.

The Spanish Government have announced in the *Madrid Gazette* that they intend to contract certain loans with a great financial establishment at Paris and other foreign banking-houses, and that the half-yearly interest on the "Debt of the Interior" will be paid by them.

##### AMERICA.

The steam-ship *Atlantic*, which left New York on the 12th instant, arrived at Liverpool on Sunday. The question of the Speakership is not yet settled.

The *New York Courier and Inquirer* of the 12th reports:—

No organisation of the House yet; and the prospect is less promising than ever. Forty-five *viva-voce* votings have taken place, and every new trial only serves to make more difficult the attainment of the requisite majority. Meantime the President's message and the annual statements from the various departments, for which the country are looking with eagerness and anxiety, are completely withheld from the public eye, and all legislative business is at a stand-still. The people are getting wearied and impatient—they find nothing to please them in the perpetually-recurring figures which the telegraph transmits; but, on the contrary, everything to displease. It looks very much like factionism and trifling with the interests of the country and the good repute of our institutions.

has been received from Mr. Buchanan relative to the Crampton difficulty, the tenor of which is that the British Government, in a courteous but positive manner, decline giving such explanations as have been demanded by our Government regarding the alleged violation of our neutrality laws by British agents. This aspect of affairs imposes on our Government delicate obligations, and will require all its wisdom to extricate itself from the present dilemma.

Advices from California state that the Indians in the north were continuing their depredations upon the whites, while those in the south were beginning to show signs of dissatisfaction.

#### MUSIC.

The musical performances at this period of the season are almost entirely of a sacred character. During the last and the present week the "Messiah" has been performed at Exeter-hall by both the Sacred Harmonic Societies and at St. Martin's Hall by Mr. Hullah; and on all these occasions has attracted immense audiences. Jenny Lind sang a second time in the "Creation" on Thursday; and, on New-year's-eve, is to sing in the "Messiah" for the first time in this country. Great expectation has been excited by the announcement of this performance.

In the provinces, likewise, oratorios have been given at several of the principal towns. A Yorkshire Correspondent sends us some particulars respecting a performance of "The Messiah" on Christmas-eve, at Bradford, one of the most important and rapidly-increasing manufacturing towns in England. It took place in the newly-erected and magnificent St. George's-hall, which was crowded to the doors. The principal singer was Madame Rudersdorff, who gained fresh laurels by her powerful execution and pure Handelian style. In the two great airs, "Rejoice greatly" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," she was enthusiastically encored. Her sister Mathilde, a young contralto singer, made her débüt in this country, and was very favourably received, especially in the pathetic air, "He was despised and rejected," which she sang with much simplicity and feeling.

Mr. Hinckliffe, of York Cathedral, was the bass. He acquitted himself admirably, and was encored in his principal air, "Why do the nations?" The chorus, as might be expected in a district which is, *par excellence*, the land of vocal harmony, was excellent—both correct and powerful; and a very efficient instrumental orchestra was ably conducted by Mr. Barton.

#### THE PANTOMIMES.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Great Wizard of the North has achieved a new triumph which will throw all his previous marvellous achievements into the shade. Finding, after the experience of a hundred and odd successive nights, the walls of the Lyceum Theatre too narrow to accommodate his numerous patrons, he resolved to remove to Covent Garden, and to add to the attractions of his feats of "Magic and Mystery" a regular Christmas pantomime. The result has been a distinguished success, as well as a marvel of rapid organisation; for, although the stage of this theatre had only been in his possession a clear week, the "grand national historical and chivalric pantomime" of "Ye Belle Alliance; or, Harlequin Good Humour and ye Fieldes of ye Clothe of Golde," was produced on Wednesday evening with a gorgeousness of scenic display, and a *luxe* of material and physical appliance which have seldom been surpassed, amid the boisterous plaudits of an audience packed to the ceiling. The subject of this pantomime is somewhat different from the ordinary run of Christmas entertainments. It aims at a higher object, and in place of a nursery fable adopts a grand political principle as its foundation—that involved in the friendly alliance now happily existing between the two great Western Powers. Opening with "The Caverns of the Gnome Britannicus" (Mr. J. Neville), in Subterraneanassia, we are treated to a fine display of "Old English" prejudice, which denounces everything foreign as abominable and unconstitutional—the aforesaid Gnome's uncontrollable wrath being excited at the news of Henry VIII.'s intended visit to Francis I. of France, and he forthwith takes his departure in a dragon-car to thwart the project. Then comes *Good Humour*, in the person of Miss Harriet Gordon, who of course acts as the benevolent genius; and, amidst much vocalisation, displays a dioramic prophecy of the visit of Napoleon III. to London, and that of Queen Victoria to Paris, where she inspects the tomb of the First Napoleon in the Invalides. We have next a very grand scene, an admirable mixture of pictorial effect, State pageantry, and comicality, "The Deck of the Great Harry," four-decker, lying alongside the Quay at Dover, and the embarkation of Henry VIII. (part specially filled by Mr. Harry Pearson), accompanied by his Queen, Cardinal Wolsey, and all his Court. An impromptu hornpipe, in which the "Defender of the Faith" takes part, was a fine exhibition of artistic agility and genuine drollery. The scene of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," with the tournament, after Holbein's celebrated picture at Hampton Court, was the next grand display, occupying the whole depth of the stage, the chivalric jousts being marked with a due infusion of mock gravity. The French Monarch, whose narrow angular physiognomy was in studied contrast to the expansive features of the merry Monarch, was played with considerable humour by Mr. W. Shadlers, who only wants to "speak louder" to be a favourite with the gods. "A Pas de Rosiere," introduced into this scene, by Miss Emma Horne (as *Blondette*, a young village lass, afterwards *Columbine*), and the corps de ballet, is an agreeable diversion, and is made to lead to the usual "pantomimic changes," in the following manner:—the two monarchs are smitten with the charms of the young danseuse, and resolve to pay their addresses to her (each unknown to the other), sallying forth at night to serenade her at her farm, where all sorts of ignoble troubles and perils attend them. *Blondette*, of course, has a rustic lover, *Coquelinot*, who does not approve of their proceedings, and to his aid comes, in a trice a Fairy Queen, who orders the transformations leading to regular comic business; the pantomimic quartette being *Harlequin*, Mr. C. Brown; *Columbine*, Miss Emma Horne; *Pantalo*, Mr. W. A. Barnes (the Transatlantic pantomimist); and *Clown*, "the great Flexmore," perhaps in most respects the best *Clown* of the day. Some little delay took place in the setting of Mr. Wm. Beverley's scene "The Golden Groves of Good Humour," in which these transformations took place (and for which the indulgence of the audience was asked), but when it made its appearance its magnificence amply compensated for any annoyance occasioned by the interruption. The Watteau of scene-painters has seldom produced anything to surpass this one effort: glittering with pale silvery hues, innumerable jewelled pillars supporting the crystal roof, and the whole crowded with nymphs standing on golden pedestals. A burst of loud and protracted applause greeted its production, and secured the triumph of the piece. The comic business opened in "Adulteration-buildings, Turmeric-row, Red-lion-square," where some telling exposures were made of the tricks of trade, which the publication of Dr. Hassall's analyses has lately rendered so notorious. From these scenes of imposture it is but a step to the region of legitimate imposition—"The Wizard's Laboratory in the Castle of Mephistopheles, Hellsgland," where *Clown* and *Pantalo* display their handicraft in some of the Wizard's most popular tricks, including the Magic Portfolio and the marvellous Extinguisher; then by a sudden transition so sudden as almost to look like an accident—the scene falling down over the performers as they stand on the stage—we find ourselves in a cornfield in view of the new Castle of Balmoral. The subsequent scenes are full of variety and bustle, and appropriate hits at some of the prevailing nuisances of the day:—street-musicians, athletes, patent perambulators, Dirty Father Thames, &c.; the whole interspersed with wondrous evolutions by the indefatigable Flexmore, including a burlesque equestrian performance on two wooden horses; and all the multifarious incidents of bewitched doors and windows, haunted coal-holes, magic bottles, self-acting bells, misplaced and misused policemen, &c., which traditionally fill up the measure of a Christmas Pantomime. The concluding scene, "the Apotheosis of ye Belle Alliance," designed by M. Guerin, is a masterpiece of scenic design and structural contrivance. In the midst are mourners at the tomb of the slain; on either side, groups of soldiers, representing every regiment in the English, French, and Sardinian army; and above, the victors, enthroned and crowned with coronals of valour by the Genius of Victory, who descends from the skies to complete the tableau. The highest credit is due to everyone concerned in getting up this splendid pantomime, which we have no doubt will command a long and profitable run. The Wizard received a hearty welcome on his first appearance in his magic arena—an earnest of the high appreciation in which all his efforts to amuse are appreciated by his friends—the public.

DRURY LANE.—The title of the pantomime at this house is "Hey Diddle Diddle; or Harlequin King Nonsense and the Seven Ages of Man." It is a happy idea, well worked out. The mere statement of it in the advertising column is, as it were, a poem—the performance on the stage is a poem acted. The usual transformations introduce us to a succession of gorgeous scenes and brilliant tricks. The scenery, painted by Mr. Beverley, is worthy of his reputation. With Boleno for *Clown*, Veroni for *Harlequin*, Tanner for *Pantalo*, and Madame Boleno for *Columbine*, the pantomime went off admirably. Duplicates of these characters were also given; but we do not think that they added at all to the effect of the tricks.

**PRINCESS'.**—The performances at this theatre on Wednesday evening consisted of the "Heir at Law," and the new Christmas pantomime of "Harlequin and the Maid and the Magpie; or, the Fairy Paradesa and Hanky-Panky the Enchanter." The house was crowded long before the orchestra had assembled. Greater attention was paid to the admirable acting in Colman's comedy than might have been expected, considering how much the holiday folks must have been occupied with anticipations of the Christmas novelty. The overture to the pantomime consisted of a *pot-pourri* of those popular tunes which the professors of the street-organ have been insisting on during the past year, and was exceedingly well played. The household story of the "Maid and the Magpie" is already well known. The rôle of *Annette*, the unfortunate maid of Palaiseau, was taken by Mr. Daly, and that of the *Magpie* by Mr. Saker; the good genius of the piece, the *Fairy Paradesa*, Queen of the Island of Birds, being represented by Miss Kate Terry; and the evil genius, *Hanky-Panky*, the Enchanter, by Mr. F. Cooke. *Annette*, having been taken under the special protection of *Paradesa*, *Hanky-Panky* conceives the plan of annoying his rival by persecuting her protégée. The scheme of the "silver spoon" is carried into execution through the instrumentality of the *Magpie*, and *Annette* is carried to prison. The discovery of the missing spoon at the last moment defeats the malicious purposes of the Enchanter and completes the triumph of the Good Fairy. The customary transformation takes place; masks and disguises are thrown aside, and our old friends *Clown*, *Harlequin*, *Pantalo*, and *Columbine* (personated by Messrs. Hulme, Paulo, and Cormack, and Miss C. Adams) commence their gambols. The scenes throughout are of the most gorgeous description, and do great credit to the artists who conceived and executed them. The first scene, the "Fairy Aviary of Queen Paradesa," in which are discovered the Fairy Queen herself, surrounded by her maids of honour in the shape of resplendent Canaries, her body-guard of the First Royal Goldfinches, and other dignitaries of the feathered tribe, in the shape of Larks, Humming-birds, Tom-tits, Sparrows, &c., presents a *coup-d'œil* of unparalleled magnificence. The transformation scene, consisting of the "Golden Bowers of Ground-sell and the Silver Avenues of Chickweed," completes the wonders of the first portion of the entertainment. The Harlequinade is in every respect equal to that of "Blue-Beard," produced at this theatre last Christmas. More praise than this it would be impossible to give. Miss Caroline Adams (engaged at the last moment as a substitute for Miss Phoebe Beale, who unfortunately sprained her ankle at the rehearsal) danced with extreme grace and elegance; while Messrs. Hulme, Cormack, and Paulo sustained the high character they have obtained as pantomimists. But, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the whole entertainment was the introduction of Mr. Tanner and his troupe of dogs, whose performances are justly styled "wonderful." Had we space, we might give an account of their extraordinary feats. But for fear of being charged with exaggeration, all we shall say is, "Go and see them." The last scene but one consisted of a "Juvenile Version of 'King Henry the Eighth,'" the whole of the characters being performed by children. The pantomime concluded with a "general reconciliation and union of all parts," and the curtain fell on a splendid spectacle—the Fairy Temple in the realms of *Paradesa*—amidst a *furore* of applause.

**ADELPHI.**—Faithful to its ancient traditions, and not forgetful of its modern successes, the management at this popular little theatre presents its numerous holiday visitors with an ingenious combination of pantomime and burlesque in an entertainment entitled "Jack and the Bean-stalk; or, Harlequin and Mother Goose at Home Again." The burlesque portion is written by Mr. Mark Lemon, who, in the opening scene between *Mother Goose* (Miss Wyndham), *Burlesque* (Miss E. Arden), and *Old Adelphi Pantomime* (Mr. J. Saunders), is exceedingly happy in his hits at passing topics, which he touches with light and dexterous skill. The *Spirits of Past Burlesques* pass in review before us, from "Norma" to "Sardanapalus"; and it is at length determined that the redoubted hero of the Bean-stalk shall be the genius of the Christmas novelty. We are then transported to a village on the English coast, whose peaceful inhabitants are disturbed during a festival by the landing of a Danish giant and pirate, *Grim Griffinhoof* (Mr. P. Bedford), who devastates the country, knocks down castles with a blow of his club, and carries off men, women, and children—and amongst them *Sir Gilbert*, an unfortunate knight who leaves behind him a wife and infant child. Sixteen years are supposed to elapse after this event, when we find the wife of *Sir Gilbert* living in a lonely valley with her son *Jack* (Madame Celeste), who has the reputation of being a fool—and justifies that reputation by allowing himself to be cheated by a "card sharp," who gives him a bean in exchange for his mother's cow. The benevolent fairy, however, directs *Jack* to plant the bean, which immediately springs up so rapidly that *Jack*, making a ladder of it, ascends to the Snowdown Plains in Cloud-land, where the Giant *Griffinhoof* has his castle. The Giant has in his service *Eolia*, the Spirit of the Harp (Miss Mary Keeley), and *Gallinace* (Miss Kate Kelly), besides his submissive wife, *Adeleva* (Mr. R. Romer), and his stout gamekeeper, who proves to be no other than the unfortunate *Sir Gilbert*. On *Jack's* arrival in the Giant's territories, the fairy *Mother Goose* raises a regiment of female snowball volunteers for his assistance; *Eolia* and *Gallinace* declare in his favour, and *Sir Gilbert* discovering that he is his long-lost son, they secretly depart from the Giant's castle, and, by the help of grim *Griffinhoof's* seven-league boots, reach the bean-stalk and descend. The Giant attempting to follow *Jack*, the latter cuts off the bean-stalk at the root, and brings down their pursuer in a manner rather sudden than pleasant, when the transformation takes place. The change is not, however, effected in the ordinary way, for the performers to whom, according to stage tradition, the pantomimic characters should be assigned, severally excuse themselves, and the harlequinade is in danger of having no performers, when *Jack* volunteers to play the part of *Harlequin*, and *Mother Goose* as kindly consents to appear as *Columbine*. Now this, we know, is not a "make-believe" of the stage, but a fact which it would be unjust to those ladies not to mention. In the first place, Madame Celeste undertook an arduous and fatiguing rôle, entirely out of her line, to strengthen the cast of the piece; and her example, as we have said, was followed by Miss Wyndham, who acquitted herself with remarkable grace, and looked the part to admiration. When these two artistes descended from the tableau—in which the characters of Ancient and Modern Pantomime were represented *à la Watteau*—the applause was spontaneous and enthusiastic. Both were habited in the fanciful costume of the period of Louis XIV., and wore powdered wigs. The *Harlequin* was especially noticeable as the perfect realisation of the gay, graceful hero of Florian's charming compositions, and the amusing companion of the French Monarch from whom Molière learnt much of his art. Throughout the piece these two characters were cordially supported by the spectators, who were perfectly charmed with the sparkling little *pas* introduced by Madame Celeste. We have also to speak in terms of praise of Mr. Garden, who made a very good *Clown*; and Mr. C. J. Smith, who acted *Pantalo* with much ability. Mr. Le Barr was the *Pierrot*: he does not want for humour; but the loose dress he wears caused him some embarrassment in his movements. Of the comic tricks and changes we have seldom seen a greater number put forward in any pantomime; many of these were excellent, but some, as might be expected, were less successful; however, the only absolute breakdown we witnessed during the evening was with a Lancaster gun, which being dismounted was carried off the stage in a disabled state. Some of the political bits produced a great deal of laughter, but none were relished more than the photographic portrait of a celebrated Manchester *Friend*, which, instead of presenting the features of the sitter, showed a Russian eagle. "The Camp at Aldershot" and the "Pas Militaire" were good; and the production of a little military figure from beneath a huge bear-skin cap was warmly applauded. All the allusions to military matters were, indeed, the most popular with the audience. We cannot close our notice without a word of praise to Messrs. Pitt and Turner for some beautiful scenery; and to Mr. Alfred Mellon for the very clever music of the pantomime, which promises to have a considerable run.

**THE HAYMARKET.**—We described last week the plot of "The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast," and may, therefore, be now spared repetition. It only remains to add that the pantomime was very successful. The introduction is written with great neatness, and the scenery is exceedingly beautiful. Great attention has been paid to the dancing, the music, and the costume of the drama—all alike brilliant and indicative of fine taste. Mr. William Calcott, the artist of the scenery, was deservedly called before the curtain at the conclusion.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—The pantomime at this theatre is entitled "The World and his Wife," alias "Harlequin and Puss in Boots; or, the Ogre of Rat's Castle." The last year is described as a heap of ruins, requiring the presence of Mirth and Novelty to restore the world to Good Humour. The Palace of Illuminated Stories in the regions of Fable-Land offers subjects for selection. In the Golden Corn-fields, *Puss* is repulsed by the Ogre; but, on a subsequent visit to the Rat's Castle by Moonlight, subdues the wizard by a cunning appeal to his vanity. *Harlequin*, Mr. C. Fenton; *Columbine*, Miss C. Parkes; *Pantalo*, Mr. Naylor; *Sprites*, Masters R. and N. Deulin; *Clown*, Mr. Nicoll Deulin; and *Puss in Boots*, Miss Rose Edouin. With a strong cast, this pantomime could not fail to be eminently successful.

**OLYMPIC.**—Mr. Planché, as usual, has furnished the fairy extravaganza. It is entitled "The Discreet Princess; or, The Three Glass Distaffs," and is founded on one of the tales of *Sister Goose*, the three daughters of King Gander being the heroines. During the monarch's absence in the wars these fair ladies are intrusted with three glass distaffs as tests of their prudence. Moreover, they are confined in a round tower. By means of a rope and pulley, however, an old ballad-singer is admitted through an upper window to the *Princess Babilarda*. Divested of her disguise, the intruder proves to be *Prince Richcraft* (Mr. Robson), son of *King Fogrum*. The distaffs of two of the Princesses are broken. The third, *Finetta*, guided by her distaff, precipitates the audacious lover to the bottom of the tower. Stirring and even tragic scenes succeed; all leading, of course, to a happy catastrophe. *King Gander*, too, has had his perils. An unknown knight has delivered him from a band of barbarians. He proves to be the *Prince Belavoir*, the poor and younger brother of *Richcraft*. For him, of course, the hand of *Finetta* is destined. *Mother Goose* appears at the conclusion to deliver the moral, which is directed against the evils of idleness. A magnificent fairy-land scene closes the spectacle. Robson and Emery support the principal parts; and Miss Julia St. George leads off the female troupe, who are fairly represented by the Misses Marston, Ternan, Maskell, and Stephens. The spectacle was entirely successful.

**MARYLEBONE.**—"Harlequin King Domino; or, High, Low, Jack, and the Game, and the Faery Queen of the Golden Water," is the rather prolix title of the pantomime at this theatre. It is the production of Mr. John Douglass, and designed to show how *Folly* betrays the young with cards and dice, to the annoyance of *Old Honesty*. The struggle of certain suitors for the possession of the heroine (afterwards *Columbine*) forms the subject of the opening, which is ingeniously conducted. A procession of the different games, involving some 150 persons, is amusing; and there is also a striking scene representing the encampment of the Emperor of All the Russias. The harlequinade portion is exceedingly clever, and well impersonated, Mr. H. Holland being *Harlequin*; Mr. James Ridgway, *Pantalo*; Mr. John Douglas (from Edinburgh), *Clown*; and Madame Suzannah, *Columbine*. In addition to these were two *Sprites*, by Messrs. Juan and Felix Carlo. The house was crowded.

**THE STANDARD.**—The title of the pantomime here is "Harlequin King Candle and Queen Rushlight; or, Princess Prettydear of Taper Land." Imps, including *Old Nick* himself, open this merry interlude; the scene being the Half-way House to the Infernal Regions. *King Extinguisher* demands the Wizard's assistance to recover the *Princess*, his daughter, who has been stolen by *King Candle*, the gate of whose palace is guarded by two magic gamecocks. *Old Nick*, the wizard (*alias* the *Czar*), assaults and slays the gamecock. The lovers are at length lodged in the Demon's Coalhole; but the good fairy *Crystalia* transforms the place into the Fairy Hall of Prisms. Mr. Paul Kelliono is the *Clown*, and Mr. Bird the *Pantalo*. The scenery of this pantomime is very brilliant—innumerable jets of gas playing a prominent part, and illuminating the principal objects with all the colours of the rainbow.

**THE STRAND.**—The Strand has a pantomime from the pen of Mr. Talfourd, on the subject of "Black-eyed Susan; or, All in the Downs, and Davy Jones' Locker." Puns are, of course, the order of the day.

**THE SURREY** pantomime aims as usual at gorgeousness of effect, and is appropriately named "The Prince of Pearls; or, Harlequin and Jane Shore." The story of the unfortunate heroine is followed out through the streets and incidents of her wanderings. All ends, however, comically; and the transformations introduce some costly scenes, concluding with "The Surrey Gallery of Illustration—the Allied Sovereigns and their Heroic Leaders."

**THE pantomimes at the CITY OF LONDON and at ASTLEY'S** we described in our last week's impression. It only remains to state that they were both eminently successful. The QUEEN'S THEATRE, the GRECIAN SALOON, and the BRITANNIA, had also their respective pantomimes, well deserving of notice from their careful getting up and ingenuity of contrivance. "St. George and the Dragon," "The Sun and Moon, and Seven Sisters," and "Mother Shipton's Prophecy of Seven Women to One Man," form the respective arguments of these entertaining pieces; all of which we are happy to hear enjoyed their fair share of prosperity on Boxing-night.

**CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.**—The various entertainers of the public this year put forth all their energies for the seasonable amusement of holiday audiences. Mr. Albert Smith climbs Mont Blanc twice a day; Mr. Love polyphones every morning and every evening, exhibiting himself in "all shapes," assisted not only by Miss Julia Warman, but by Mr. Roberts, the Welsh harpist, in his bardic costume; Mr. Woodin visits and revisits the Lake districts on each Saturday, and shows the versatility of his powers by reproducing Madame Rachel as *Camille*, in "Les Horaces"; Mr. Gordon Cumming advertises two new pictures—"The Hunter's Troop of Sixteen Horses," painted by Harrison Weir, and the river Limpopo, with large herd of hippopotami, by Richard Leitch; and Emma Stanley will also continue to illustrate "The Seven Ages of Woman," at St. Martin's Hall. This class of personal exhibitors is clearly on the increase; probably as the most amusing form of lecture, combining as it does dramatic illustration with the usual instruction in life, manners, and society. The Polytechnic and Panopticon institutions also put forth scientific programmes for the instruction of the student-mind; and Madame Tussaud offers new additions to her wax-work exhibition—namely, the Emperor and Empress of the French and the King of Sardinia.

**GIFT OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.**—The gift of £400 by the Emperor of the French to the poor of Windsor, on the occasion of his Majesty's visit at Windsor Castle, has just been distributed to 900 families, in sums of 6s., 8s., and 10s. The town was divided into ten districts, each district being visited by members of a committee formed of the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, Colonel Seymour, the Mayor and members of the Town Council, the Vicar, and ministers of various denominations. It was determined to distribute the gift in money rather than in goods, and that no mechanic earning more than £1 per week should partake of it. On New-Year's-day her Majesty will distribute her annual bounty to the poor of Windsor and Clewer, in food and clothing, to the value of £250.

**THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.**—Extensive arrangements are in progress for the purpose of organising an auxiliary committee in the City in aid of the Nightingale Fund. A meeting was held at the Mansion-house on Wednesday, at which the Lord Mayor presided, and at which the names of many of the most influential merchants, bankers, traders, and manufacturers were announced as having consented to become members of the committee, and doubtless a powerful movement in aid of this most laudable object will be the result. A circular inviting contributions, which is to be addressed to the working classes, is in the course of preparation, and application will be made to the principals of large establishments to receive donations.

**RETURN OF GENERAL DE LA MARMORA.**—A letter from Turin of the 21st, in the *Constitutionnel*, says:—"A great sensation has been caused here by the announcement of



SCENE FROM THE NEW CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME OF "YE BELLE ALLIANCE; OR, HARLEQUIN GOOD HUMOUR AND YE FIELD OF YE CLOTHE OF GOLDE," AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS AT STOCKHOLM.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



## THE COURT.

The guests of the Queen at Windsor Castle during the Christmas week have been confined to his Serene Highness Prince Ernest of Leiningen, Rear-Admiral the Hon. R. S. Dundas, Lord Panmure, and Major-General Sir Harry Jones. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has been a daily visitor, and on several occasions has joined the Royal dinner party.

On Saturday, before the breaking up of the frost, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and Prince Ernest of Leiningen, skated on the ice in the Home Park. Her Majesty, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice were present.

On Sunday the Queen and Prince, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Alfred, and Princess Alice, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and the domestic household, attended Divine service in the private chapel of the Castle. Prince Ernest of Leiningen and Rear-Admiral the Hon. R. S. Dundas were also at the service.

On Monday Prince Albert, accompanied by Prince Ernest of Leiningen, went out shooting. The Queen, with the Princesses Helena and Louisa, walked on the slopes in the evening. Colonel the Hon. James Lindsay, commanding officer 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, had the honour of joining the Royal dinner party.

On Christmas-day Divine service was performed in the private chapel of the Castle. The Queen and Prince, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Princess Royal, Princess Alice, and Princess Helena, the Duchess of Kent, and Prince Ernest of Leiningen, attended. The ladies and gentlemen of the Court and the domestic household were also at the service. The Honourable and Very Reverend the Dean of Windsor officiated, and administered the Holy Sacrament. The dinner party in the evening included her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, his Serene Highness Prince Ernest of Leiningen, Lord Panmure, Major-General the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Grey, Colonel the Hon. C. B. and Mrs. Phipps, Colonel the Hon. N. and Lady Mary Hood, Colonel and Lady Emily Seymour, and Major-General Sir Harry Jones.

On Wednesday the Queen, attended by the Hon. Beatrice Byng, took equestrian exercise in the Riding-house.

Lord Camoys and Lieut.-General Sir F. Stovin have arrived as the Lord and Groom in Waiting.

**THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**—The war and other circumstances of the time have contributed to deprive the present season of much of that joyous festivity which has generally marked the Christmas recess in the homes of the English aristocracy. A generous hospitality, however, still prevails in those families—unfortunately too few—where the hand of death has not fallen upon one or more of its gallant members. One gratifying feature of the season is prominent as ever—the kind and sympathising assistance rendered to their poorer dependents by the higher classes of society.

Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston have a numerous and distinguished circle at Broadlands. The party assembled on Monday.

Mr. Baron Parke is about to retire from the Bench as one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer. His Lordship's long services have been appropriately rewarded with a Peerage by her Majesty, and the title conferred is that of Baron Ampthill.

## OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## THE EARL OF CAITHNESS.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL SINCLAIR, thirteenth Earl of Caithness and Baron Berriedale in the Peerage of Scotland, was the second surviving son of James, the twelfth Earl, by his wife, Jane, second daughter of General Alexander Campbell, of Barcaldine, Argyleshire. He was born the 24th July, 1790, and succeeded to the family honours at the decease of his father, the 16th July, 1823. His Lordship was Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Caithness, and Admiral of its coast. He married, the 22nd Nov., 1813, Frances Harriet, youngest daughter and co-heir of the Very Rev. William Leigh, of Rushall, Staffordshire, Dean of Hereford, and leaves issue two sons—the eldest of whom, James, his successor, now fourteenth Earl of Caithness, born the 16th December, 1821, married the 17th July, 1847, Louisa Georgiana, third daughter of Sir George Richard Philips, Bart., of Weston, county Warwick. Alexander, thirteenth Earl of Caithness, died on the 20th inst., at his residence in Rutland-square, Edinburgh. The house of Sinclair, or St. Clare, Earls of Caithness, and formerly Earls of Orkney, is one of the oldest and most historic in Scotland.

## LIEUT.-GENERAL LINDSAY.

LIEUT.-GENERAL JAMES LINDSAY, of Balcarres and Leuchars, Fife, was the eldest son of the Hon. Robert Lindsay, younger son of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres. He was born the 17th April, 1793. He entered the Grenadier Guards the 6th December, 1807; he served in the expedition to Walcheren in 1809; at the defence of Cadiz in 1811; and in the Peninsular Campaigns of 1812 and 1813. He was severely wounded and taken prisoner in the attack on Bergen op Zoom; he was on the Staff of Sir Peregrine Maitland during the army of occupation in France; and he became Major-General the 11th Nov., 1851, and Lieut.-General the 18th May, 1855.

General Lindsay represented in Parliament Wigan, 1826, and subsequently Fifeshire, and was many years convener of that county.

The General married, first, the 16th Feb., 1819, Mary-Ann, daughter of Francis Grant, Esq., of Kilgraston; and secondly, the 2nd April, 1823, Anne, eldest daughter of the late Sir Coutts Trotter, Bart., of Westville. By the second marriage he has issue—two daughters, the elder of whom is the present Lady Lindsay, and two sons: the elder of these, the General's successor, is Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., who, pursuant to the limitation in the patent, inherited the Baronetcy of his maternal grandfather, Sir Coutts Trotter. Lieut-General Lindsay died on the 4th inst.

## THE DEAN OF DOWN.

THE Very Reverend Theophilus Blakely, Dean of Down, an able preacher and a powerful writer, was one of the ultimate survivors of those leading liberal men who were so distinguished at the close of the last century in Ireland. The Dean was an earnest supporter of all measures of public improvement: he was among the first advocates for the Irish National System of Education. In the pulpit the Dean's eloquence was persuasive and fervid, and, like his countryman, the celebrated Kirwan, he was eminently successful in charity sermons. At one time he was alternate morning preacher at Berkeley and Fitzroy chapels. The Dean of Down's family was originally English. The Dean was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and graduated there. He, early in life, held a small living near Dublin; and in 1811 he was preferred to the Deanery of Connor, thence to that of Achonry, and, in 1829, to that of Down. He married, first Miss Catherine Ball, of Ball's-grove, county of Meath, by whom he had a son and several daughters—one, of whom, Louisa, was married to Henry Metcalfe, Esq., M.P. for Drogheda—but who all died young. The Dean married, secondly, Mary Stewart, daughter of John, the youngest brother of the late Alexander Stewart, Esq., of Ballyedmond, county of Down, by whom he leaves one son, Theophilus Alexander, Major in the regular cavalry of the Turkish Contingent, formerly Captain in the Royal Artillery; and two daughters, Mary Stuart, and Isabella Chalmus—the elder of whom is married to Robert Spankie, Esq., magistrate and collector at Cawnpore. The Dean of Down died at an advanced age in Dublin on the 1st inst.

## DR. CHAMBERS.

WILLIAM FREDERIC CHAMBERS, M.D., K.C.H., F.R.S., was descended of an old family long settled in the county of Durham. He was son of the late William Chambers, Esq., a political servant of the East India Company, and a distinguished Oriental scholar, by his wife Charity, one of the daughters of the late Thomas Fraser, Esq., of Balnain, in the county of Inverness. Dr. Chambers was educated at Westminster School, from which he obtained his election to a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1808. He was appointed physician in ordinary to the late King William IV. shortly before his death, and attended him in his last illness. He was physician to the Queen from her accession till his resignation of the office two years since. He married his first cousin, Mary, daughter of Thomas Fraser, the younger, of Balnain, and leaves four children. Dr. Chambers, was nephew to Sir Robert Chambers, some time Chief Justice of Bengal; and brother to the late Sir Charles Chambers, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court at Bombay. Dr. Chambers died on the 16th inst. at Hordle Cliff, Hants, aged sixty-nine.

**WILLS.**—Probate of the will of the Right Hon. John Stuart, Baron Wharncliffe, was proved in London under £14,000 personality within the province of Canterbury.—General Sir John Brown, K.G.H., Colonel 8th Hussars; also the wills of Colonel Richard Tylden, Royal Engineers, Crimea, and Captain John Hutton, 97th Foot, Sebastopol.—Colonel James Abdy, E.I.C., £50,000.—Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., £100,000.—John Parsons, Esq., of Swansea, £200,000.—Joseph Watts, Esq., of Stratford-house, Gloucester, £30,000.—Miss Mary Sophia Ansell, of Louth, £40,000.—Joseph Sadler, merchant, Austin Friars, £25,000.—Roger Dawson, of Newgate-street and Tottenham, £50,000.—James Toplis, jun., £20,000.—Abraham Offin, of Hutton, Essex, farmer, £50,000.—John Baske, of Bicester, grocer, £20,000 within the province of Canterbury.

During the year ending Dec. 1, 1854, 293,827 immigrants arrived at New York; the number during the last twelve months has been only 126,766—showing a falling off in one year of 167,061, or nearly sixty per cent.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

ADMIRALS R. S. Dundas, Sir Michael Seymour, and Baynes, will strike their flags until the spring, when it is more than probable that all will again proceed to the Baltic, at the head of the immense armament now being prepared for that service.

To save sick and wounded officers from the Crimea, on their arrival in London, the expense of medical attendance, the Government has determined that Staff-Surgeon M'Gregor shall give them medical treatment. His office is established for the present at No. 4, Bennett-street, St. James's.

The barracks of the Royal Sappers and Miners at Woolwich was entirely vacated last week by the corps, which has removed to Chat-ham, its future head-quarters.

INSTRUCTIONS have been sent to Jamaica to complete to their establishment the six companies of the West India regiments on the coast of Africa, some native chiefs having shown a disposition to be troublesome to our settlements there.

CANTEENS will be opened on the 1st January, in which all articles will be furnished by the Commissariat Department, and a pensioner placed in each to conduct them. By this means the soldier will be sure of the value of his money.

ALTHOUGH the Land Transport Corps has been draughted off in large numbers, there are still many hundreds billeted in Bristol and quartered at the Horfield Barracks. A selected body of 300 of the best men will remain at the barracks after their comrades have been sent off, for the purpose of raising a large additional body of men. These men are to be dressed in high cavalry boots, glazed caps, and showy uniform; and the men so raised will be employed as drivers to the Royal Artillery, it having been determined to keep the gunners to their more immediate duties.

The following Admiralty appointments were made last week:—Captain the Hon. Frederick Pelham, to be a Naval Aide-de-Camp to her Captains:—Captains—E. S. Sotheby, to the *Pearl*; L. G. Heath, to the *Seahorse*. The following officers have been appointed to command divisions of gun-boats:—Captains Codrington, C.B., Hon. H. Keppel, H. R. Yelverton, C.B., and A. Cooper Key, C.B. The officers in command of gun-boats are all to be subjected to an examination in gunnery, on board the *Excellent*, on the 1st January.

THE experiments which have been carried on for some weeks past in the Arsenal marshes at Woolwich terminated on Saturday last. These experiments were specially designed with a view of testing the durability of a commixture of metals for gun purposes. Various trials of an interesting and novel nature were made with guns cast from these mixed proportions of materials, which, without exception, stood the repeated test well. However, at the conclusion of the experiments, three 24-pounders of the same species of mixed metal, 9½ feet in length, were fired with the ordinary proof charge, when each burst in succession at the first round.

The whole of the first regiment of the Anglo-Italian Legion, consisting of 1070 men, is now at Novara, under the command of Major Pinelli, and is a fine body of men. The average age is about twenty-two, and full half of the number are made soldiers, having served their time in the Piedmontese service. They are armed with the Enfield rifle, weighing about 10 lb., with bayonet, lock, and sight and balance. The second regiment, which is now forming at Chiavasso, under Colonel Craufurd, is to be a rifle regiment.

SIX experienced Royal Marine Artillerymen are ordered to be sent from each man-of-war, having detachments of that corps on board, to head-quarters, to be in readiness for the new mortar and gun-boats building for the next campaign. Their places are to be filled by recruits.

A very stringent order has been received by Colonel Eden, the Commandant of Chatham garrison, that in future the greatest care and caution are to be observed in removing powder from the magazine for the use of the troops. None but the most steady men are to be employed on this particular duty; and no nails, iron-hoops, or other metal articles are to be placed in the vicinity of the ammunition stores.

TWO ladies, sisters of an officer belonging to the Royal Artillery who lately fell before Sebastopol, have placed at the disposal of the regiment the sum of £2000 for any benevolent purpose that might be proposed. It is expected that a subscription will be entered into amongst the regiment to raise funds, in addition to the £2000, to erect a lasting memorial of those officers and men who have so nobly fallen in the Crimea.

THE *Renown*, 90, building in Chatham Dockyard, owing to the number of hands placed on her to expedite her build, is progressing very fast: all her outside work is nearly complete. She will be the longest screw war-ship in the British service. The following are her dimensions:—Length, between the perpendiculars, 244 feet 9 inches; keel for tonnage, 210 feet; breadth, extreme, 55 feet 4 inches—in tonnage, 54 feet 6 inches; depth in hold, 24 feet 6 inches; register tonnage, 3317 tons 78-99ths. She will be 6 feet 7 inches longer than the *Orion*. She is to have two engines of 604-horse power. The *Cadmus*, 20, corvette, building, is advancing very fast towards completion. She will be ready for launching by the 1st February next.

THE second regiment of Warwickshire Militia, under the command of Major Granville, is now quartered at Armagh and Newry. Since April last it has given upwards of 600 volunteers to the Line, and there is still that number of men remaining.

ANOTHER regiment of the British German Legion, the third regiment of Light Infantry, arrived at Portsmouth, by train from Shorncliffe on Monday last, and embarked on board the screw transport *Imperador*, alongside the dockyard, for conveyance to Scutari. This regiment is also composed of two battalions each 500 strong.

THE *Monkey* towed two more of the new gun-boats up from the builder's on Saturday last, named the *Chefinch* and *Dove*. The former was taken in tow by the *Wedgwood*, and moved up to Deptford to receive her machinery, and the *Dove* remains at Woolwich to be fitted for sea.

THE *Coquette*, screw dispatch gun-boat is progressing with her internal fittings at Blackwall, and is expected at Woolwich about the 17th of January, to be masted, rigged, and coppered.

IT is intended by the Government to effect a further increase in the Army Works Corps. This contemplated augmentation will consist of 750 men, comprising persons of every trade; but principally of masons, bricklayers, carpenters, bakers, butchers, smiths, wheelwrights, collar-makers, and excavators. There are at present ready for embarkation upwards of 300 men for this corps, who only wait for vessels to convey them.

THE recruiting for the Royal Artillery progresses so successfully that it is estimated upwards of sixty volunteers and recruits arrive at the head-quarters, Woolwich, weekly, notwithstanding which it is proposed to increase the bounty to £12.

A FRESH supply of books has been sent from the War-office to the Commandant of the Garrison at Chatham, for the benefit of the soldiers in barracks during the winter evenings, a great many of whom appear to appreciate them. The reading-room is large, well lighted, and heated by a stove, offering every inducement to the soldier. There are 3000 volumes; those recently added are principally of a military character, offering instructive as well as interesting reading.

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Bouverie Alleyne is appointed Colonial Secretary of Grenada, Mr. Henry Sharpe is appointed Provost Marshal of Grenada, Mr. Albert Alom is appointed Colonial Secretary at Tobago, Mr. Charles Berkeley is appointed Colonial Treasurer at Tobago.

THE BOAR'S HEAD AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.—The ancient custom of serving up a boar's head, "bedeck'd with bays and rosemary," and a large orange in its mouth, at this College, on Christmas-day, was duly observed on Tuesday last, and the spacious College hall was crowded with Oxoniens and their town and country friends. The boar's head, which, borne on the shoulders of two servants, weighed upwards of seventy pounds, was announced by the sound of the trumpet, when the usual song was chanted; the Rev. T. Rennison taking the solo part, and choristers from Magdalen College singing the chorus, from the entrance of the Hall to the high table, where a sumptuous dinner awaited the invited guests. This, we believe, is the only place where the ancient custom of serving up a boar's head every Christmas-day, with the original chant, is still observed.

THE NEW RUSSIAN LOAN.—The report is gaining ground that considerable support has been accorded in some parts of the Continent to the New Five per Cent Russian Loan for eight millions sterling. The price at which the loan has been given to the contractors is understood to be 82 per cent. The opinion is universal, however, that the patriotic resolution of the London Stock Exchange, refusing recognition of the loan, even after the restoration of peace, will materially disturb the calculation of subscribers. It is stated that Lord Clarendon ordered the resolution adopted by the committee to be immediately forwarded for publication to every official agency of Great Britain on the Continent.

GOOD SAMARITANS.—On Tuesday last a committee of gentlemen, aided by the patronage of the Marquis of Bristol, supported by the Lord Mayor and the citizens of London, distributed at the Samaritan Institution, Victoria-street, Farringdon-street, a most plentiful supply of roast beef, plum-pudding, bread, and potatoes, to upwards of 1500 persons—men, women, and children—many being permitted to take home a supply to their families.

There is great competition for land at present in Perthshire, and when a farm is to be let the applicants are numerous.

## TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &amp;c.

SINCE we last wrote, one of the ablest and best of men has been removed from among us. Who has not seen Belgravian—who has not heard of Thomas Cubitt? The Five Fields, commemorated by Sir Richard Steele in the *Tatler*; and the Willow Walk, where Jerry Abershaw (that other Johnny Armstrong) had his secluded house (in the midst of "cuts," or reservoirs of water), Thomas Cubitt metamorphosed by his talents his influence, and his purse, into that Belgravian in which fashionable London delights to dwell. This Wren and Inigo Jones of modern London was originally (all honour to him, therefore!) a ship's carpenter. When or in what way he escaped from such a life deserves to be told. His brother, Mr. Alderman Cubitt, a most able man himself, owes much of his success to his brother Thomas. A kindlier-hearted man, or a man more unaffectedly modest and intelligent, never fell within our "ken." He was building to the last. That stately residence of Denbies, near Dorking, with its passages twelve feet wide and its wonderful "creature comforts" at every turn, was his last great work. It was his own residence, within an easy walk of his old friend (that other great builder) Mr. Grissell. What his skill, and taste, and fortune enabled him to possess, his health did not, alas! enable him to enjoy. He died in his sixty-eighth year, and will be remembered when many architects of his age are utterly forgotten.

The men were wise who collected in advance of their age. For the following apposite illustration of what we state we are indebted to one of the best-known and largest purchasers of works of art (in the Portland, Walpole, and Bernal walk) now alive. We wish we could use our friend's name, but, not having (unfortunately) asked his permission, we cannot. Here is his note, and most interesting and instructive it is:—

(To the Writer of "Town and Table Talk.")

The three most important sales of articles of *virtu* that have been disposed of by public auction in England, since the dispersion of that formed by King Charles I., and sold by order of the Commonwealth, have been those of the Duchess of Portland; of Horace Walpole, at Strawberry-hill; and of Mr. Bernal, sold this year by Messrs. Christie and Manson. The Duchess of Portland's sale consisted of thirty-seven days, and brought £10,973 2s. 6d. The Strawberry-hill sale was contained in twenty-four days' sale, and brought £33,450 11s. 9d. Mr. Bernal's thirty-two days of articles of *virtu* brought £61,964 11s. 3d.; to which, if his books and prints be added (seven days), selling for £6587 2s. 6d., would make thirty-nine days, and a total of £68,551 13s. 9d. By those well acquainted with each of these sales it is affirmed that the articles at Strawberry-hill produced twice what they did at the Duchess' sale; and at the Bernal sale they produced twice what they did at the Strawberry-hill sale, and this in a year of war. It surely follows that the taste for articles relative to art and mediæval history has been progressing to a great and almost unforeseen extent.

The difference in the value of money may have had some miserable share in accounting for the difference, but the wonder (with this allowance) is still the same.

The "late Mr. Rogers" (how strangely the words sound!) was fifty years in collecting seventy pictures. Other collectors (we have known them), have had the supposed good (rather the ill) luck to find seventy so-called good pictures in seven years. Of these seventy pictures Mr. Rogers has left three to the nation. Nor are we disposed (his bequest was long known) to quarrel with the selection he has made. He has given us the best small Titian in England—shall we say the world?—the far-famed "Noli me Tangere." In making this bequest he has given us the picture for which he gave the most. Money, therefore, in making his bequest, never entered into his thoughts. For the "Noli me Tangere" he gave, at Mr. Champernowne's sale, 1000 guineas, a very large sum in those times (five-and-thirty years ago) for a small *Italian* picture. For a Dutch picture, when Plancus was King and Peel and Baring were collectors, it would not have been much.

We have spoken as yet of only one of Mr. Rogers' three bequests to the nation. The *Giorgione* (on panel, 15 in. by 11 in.) is the portrait of a young Knight, called among critics "Gaston de Foix." Very fine indeed is this picture. Knowing men attribute it to Raphael. It is a small full-length of a

halloed to hound. He joined the Royal Hounds in 1801, when they were a kind of slow, southern, half-bred bloodhound; in 1813 they were superseded by a pack of foxhounds, presented to the Prince Regent by the father of the present Duke of Richmond. In 1821 Mr. Davis became huntsman, and has thus worn the Royal livery for more than half a century, during which period he has seldom missed a day with the buckhounds, and often filled up the off days with neighbouring packs of foxhounds. In fact, he was born to ride to hounds, and to show how they should be ridden to. His most celebrated horse was Hermit, a grey, painted by Francis Grant, R.A., in his picture of the "Meet at Ascot-heath," and also many times by his brother, the late R. B. Davis, who at one time was well known for his clever pictures of field sports, of hunting in modern as well as in cocked-hat and jack-boot times. Few could paint a hound better than R. B. Davis: he loved all animals, was familiar with their habits, and they loved him.

WILLIAM, or, as he is better known, WILL LONG, has just retired from the field after fifty-four years' service, and the Badminton hounds are now hunted by the Duke in person, but we imagine this is only a temporary expedient, to spare the feelings of an old retainer who has served four Dukes of Beaufort, by not giving him an immediate successor. Last year Long was good enough to send us a sketch of his life, so here it is:—

My services commenced in the year 1803. When my father was stud groom to the fifth Duke of Beaufort, it was my duty to fetch and carry letters from the post-office. In a few years I entered the hunting stables, and, being a pretty good horseman, was appointed to prepare the young horses for hunters, which I did with satisfaction to his Grace. In the summer of 1808 I rode after the sixth Duke as pad groom; his Grace being then Colonel of the Monmouth and Brecon Militia, then quartered in Bristol, and I had to ride the young horses with the regiment. In the season of 1808 one of the whippers-in, John Wood, had a bad fall, which prevented his going again, so I was appointed to assist in his place, and did for that season. John Wood not being able to return the next season, the Duke engaged another man, as he thought me too young, and not able to stand the hard place. But this said man was not at all suitable for the place; he had no voice, and was discharged a few days before Christmas, 1809. I was then initiated second whipper-in to Philip Payne, and after a few years was made first whip, and so continued until the summer of 1826, when Philip Payne declined hunting. I succeeded him, and here I am; and now, I thank God, quite well, and none the worse, only a set of teeth (eight) knocked out with a horse falling upon me over a stile. Many other squeezes, thumps, with mother earth I have had, but no broken bones.

In 1844 a piece of plate was raised by subscription, among gentlemen and others hunting with the Beaufort hounds not being members of the Hunt, for presentation to Will Long. The ceremony took place, after dinner, at the village of Petty France, near Badminton. A respectable lawyer, and master of harriers, took the chair, and laboured through the usual toasts, including the toast of the evening, as well as he could; but, when he presented the plate, those who expected the huntsman to return thanks in a few hesitating sentences, such as we have heard, not without pain, from noble and gentlemen orators, at public dinners, were agreeably surprised, for Will Long rose, and, with one hand in his breeched pocket, spoke the following speech with a degree of ease, fluency, grace, feeling, and self-possession, that we have seldom seen excelled by the most practised orators on similar occasions:—

Gentlemen,—For the flattering toast you have just drunk I beg you to accept my warmest thanks: it has often been my pleasing duty to acknowledge a similar compliment, and, though I am not much of a hand at a speech, I should be indeed ungrateful if I did not try to raise my voice, and acknowledge the favour you have now and at all times shown me.

Gentlemen, a huntsman's life is a very pleasant but a very eventful one, and, in looking back at the past, I find I have filled my post so long that, as you perceive, I am become rather grey in the service. Thank God, however, I am still strong and sound, and never in my life felt more able or more willing than I now do to show you sport. For six-and-thirty years (it must now be seven-and-forty—Ed.) I have been connected with the noble pack now under my management, and, thinking it might afford amusement, I have this morning made a little calculation of my past duties: the result is, that during the years mentioned I have ridden upwards of a hundred thousand miles across country, but the number of leaps and hairbreadth escapes are past my calculation.

MR. WILLIAM DAVIS, THE ROYAL HUNTSMAN.—FROM A DRAWING BY HIS NIECE.

My labours, too, have not been spent in vain, as I have been in at the death of nearly three thousand foxes; and gentlemen, I have a favourite horse, well known to you, now in his twenty-fourth year, who has carried me nobly up to the hounds for the last seventeen seasons, and in distance upwards of twelve thousand miles, and I am happy to say, that although, like me, a little the worse for wear, he is still all right, and those who even now keep up with him will not lose much of the fun. Of the hounds, gentlemen, I shall say nothing; you must form your own judgment of their performances. In former days the pace was slow, and a good fox would last two hours; now the fashion is altered; and, as everything goes by steam, we manage to pull down the best fox in a quick thirty-five minutes; thereby verifying the old adage, that "it is the pace that kills." I hope, gentlemen, that you may long live to go the pace, and that I may have the delightful pleasure of showing you the way. Gentlemen, once more I thank you for your kindness, and wish you health and happiness in this world, and may you be happy at the last, where you see no more hounds.



MR. JAMES MORGAN, HUNTSMAN TO LORD LONSDALE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KILBURN.



MR. WILLIAM LONG.—FROM A LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY BAILEY BROTHERS.

The plate consisted of a silver claret-jug and two goblets, containing twenty-five sovereigns.

The huntsman and whips of the Badminton Hunt ride in green plush—probably the ancient livery of the huntsman of the staghounds which were kept by the Beauforts, until, in 1772, they followed the prevailing fashion, and made way for foxhounds.

The Badminton is a good country to try the qualities of a hunter: inclosures a fair size, some grass vales, and stiff hedges with ditches, with a share of stone walls, help on a straight-running day to thin the field; the hounds, divided into a dog and bitch pack, are first rate; and the present noble master as courteous and kind in the field to gentle and simple, members of the hunt or strangers, as his noble father, and that is saying much. "Keep back, gentlemen, pray don't spoil your own sport," with a wave of the hand to an excited field pressing on hounds at a check, is the style, instead of the choice Billingsgate in which two noted noble M. F.'s indulge round Cheltenham and the Vale of White Horse. The gentlemen who hunt with the Badminton—chiefly from Bristol and Bath—are bold horsemen, and well mounted, but inferior as sportsmen to the men of the north, and rather given to the heavy-swell style. The uniform of the Hunt is blue single-breasted coat, lined and faced with white, and silver buttons. Caps are seldom worn; but the Duke patronizes Napoleon boots.

JAMES MORGAN, our third Portrait, is, we believe, the one other huntsman of foxhounds not riding in scarlet. He wears the "orange tawny" plush coat in which the Lord Berkeley dressed his thirty men whom, with a pack of hounds, he kept at the village of Charing in time of William Rufus.

When the Earl of Lonsdale determined to take up the Old Berkeley country in order to indulge in a foxhound as well as harrier pack, he wisely engaged the veteran Jim Morgan for the difficult task. Jim Morgan, like Davis and Long, must be considerably beyond threescore years, but time has no more tamed him than them, and he can go in a way to make younger men ashamed. We saw him ride across the country last season as straight as an arrow. He is the son of a farmer, and began by being for eleven years, commencing in 1808, whipper-in assistant to Mr. Lloyd, of Wintlesham, Suffolk; then whipper-in to the Suffolk Border hounds, then huntsman to the Cambridgeshire hounds one season, then kennel huntsman and whipper-in to the Tickham hounds, in Kent, for three years—Mr. Rigden being master. "I then went," he says, "to Mr. Conyers, and was with him for fifteen years in Essex, the hardest place in the world for men, horses, and hounds. I next went for three seasons to the Essex Union; and, lastly, have been four seasons in the Old Berkeley."

A friend (himself a first-rate horseman and sportsman) writes us "that when Morgan was recommended to Lord Lonsdale, his Lordship remarked, 'Like me, I am afraid, a little too old for huntsman.' 'Try him, my Lord,' was my answer; 'I don't think you will find him a day too old.' About a year afterwards, on asking the Earl how Morgan suited him, and whether he found him too old, the answer was, 'Old? no—he's too young for my horses.' Jim's own version of the story is, 'Good master, Sir, is my Lord; but he does like to see his horses so fat; if he would only let me ride 'em a little more it 'ud be better for the hoses, Sir.' And he adds:—

"Twenty years ago it used to be a treat to see Morgan with Conyers, mounted on screws, ride on a beaten horse at the end of a hard day, over a country that requires a good horse and a good man on him to go well at any time of the day. I remember once seeing him come to a meet at

Bardfield with his right arm in a sling (from a fall with a horse a-top of him the week before); he had galloped his hack twenty-seven miles from his farm to the meet, after a breakfast at Mr. Cutts'. We found at Hempstead Wood, and Morgan, with one hand, rode as straight over that strong bank-and-ditch country as if it was mere child's play; and twenty years do not seem to have tamed him. He likes as much as ever to lark over an ugly stile with a drop into a lane, or any other little difficulty. His seat is peculiarly buoyant and corky. Take him for all in all, he is, we should think, the best man in England across a rough country—a sportsman to the backbone. He is the sire of sons who follow in his line; Goddard Morgan, an extraordinary horseman, now whipps in to the old 'un—a genuine chip of the old block."

The Portrait of Davis is from a sketch by his niece, Miss Davis, of Kensington; that of Will Long is copied by permission of Messrs. Baileys of Cornhill, from a print they published a year or two ago; Morgan's has been engraved from a photograph by Kilburn.



THE ROYAL STAGS, "WOODMAN" AND "FARMER'S GLORY."

**"THE HORSE FAIR," BY ROSA BONHEUR.**

ROSA BONHEUR'S picture of the "Horse Fair," which astonished the town last year, is too well known, and its merits too well established, to render lengthened criticism necessary in this place. We are happy in being permitted to engrave a bit from this wonderful performance—a

group of inimitable truth and vigour which alone would be sufficient to establish the fame of an artist. Rosa Bonheur's chief merit consists in her fine appreciation of character, and the discrimination with which she marks it in her various subjects. In her "Horse Fair" the animals seem each to tell their own history and their breed and education, and the spheres more or less exalted in which they have been destined to move. The principal object in the group before us is a strong waggon-horse, well

fed, good tempered; full of bone, muscle, and power, yet docile as a lamb in the hands of his driver. Behind him is a grey—the celebrated grey—of a higher breed than our stout friend in front, and whose mettle calls for the exertions of two grooms to manage. Great fire and life are thrown into this head. The admirable manner in which the action of the animals is shown in all cases is evidence of a deep and successful study of comparative anatomy.



SKETCH FROM "THE HORSE FAIR," PAINTED BY ROSA BONHEUR.

## THE ROYAL STAGS—"WOODMAN" AND "FARMER'S GLORY."

THE casual pedestrian who perhaps once a year crosses Windsor-park on his road to Ascot, and espies the freshly-dropped fawns lying for hours deserted by their dams in the cold and wet, must marvel how any "antlered monarchs" ever come to maturity. However, nature has strange laws, and the little fawn, whose mother seems to shun the very sight of it for hours after its birth, is able, season after season, to defy the Royal pack till Mr. Davis promptly arrives to the rescue. In fact, it is but seldom that a stag is killed if he can bring the dogs to bay in a good spot; and we believe that some have for five seasons successfully carried out the reverse of the first part of the adage, "he that fights and runs away may live to fight another day." The two stags engraved upon the preceding pages are among the most distinguished of the *chasses* who have of late years taken their "leap from the Royal cart" on Tuesday or Friday during the hunting season.

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

THE sudden disappearance of the frost, when it seemed to have set in for at least a month, has brought the hunting-fields out in strong force after their week's rest. The Quorn sale has, however, been the most interesting event among the scarlets during the past fortnight, but as yet we do not hear that its future hunting arrangements are definitely settled. Jem Hills has had another magnificent run with the well-known fox of the Heythrop country, which escaped again; while the Pytcheley have had a weary blank day at Loddington. However the Northamptonshire ones may fail, the Crimean covers seem "likely to hold," as Major Thomas, of the Horse Artillery, has had some foxhounds sent out to him, as a Christmas-box, from his brother in Sussex.

The new year will be inaugurated at Manchester by the usual steeple-chase and hurdle races. Bourton has not opened his season like his old self, as he was easily beaten over the hurdles at Wolverhampton, and we do not hear secret rumours of any crack horse in this line. York will, as usual, have its sales on New-year's-day, when fifteen of the late Mr. J. J. Henderson's stud—including Atherstone, Nelly Hill, Lough Bawn, &c.—will be brought to the hammer. Bolardo and Dervish, who once held the first-favourite places, both in the St. Leger and Derby, have left the turf at last, the victims of leg infirmity, and are advertised to be let or sold. Loup-garou, the lucky sire of Coroner, has received promotion, and is to stand with Orlando next season at the Royal Paddocks. Breeders are rather grumbling that a horse who is only the sire of two winners should be thus selected, while others of greater pretensions are passed over. We think the choice is not an unwise one, as, although the horse never received anything but a £15 forfeit in the shape of winnings, he ran among the first three for the Chester Cup, Somersethire, and Northamptonshire Stakes, one season; and always stayed a distance manfully, rather an uncommon accomplishment among modern thoroughbreds. He is a son of Lanercost, who was once at these paddocks, and his dam is the Lincolnshire mare Moonbeam, so that he combines the Tramp and Tomboy blood, which are among the very stoutest we have. As far as we can calculate, two hundred blood yearlings have been sold during the present year, at all prices, from 1800 guineas for Lord of the Hills down to 10 guineas. The average is 117 guineas; whereas last year one hundred and eighty-two averaged 137 guineas. The largest number of yearlings sold this year brought prices between 25 guineas and 50 guineas, and, oddly enough, the dam of one of the 10-guinea ones was "Makeless." Arthur Parr, junior, died last week at Newmarket in his twenty-first year. Unlike his father, who was all the rage in his day, he had very little riding, and one of his last engagements was under Fobert at Spigot-lodge. There is a talk of Mr. Magennis retiring from the turf; and if so, Eskrett will train entirely for Mr. Gratwick in future. Knight of St. George is said to have been all but broken down during the past season. It is very doubtful whether he will ever be seen at the post again. The four-year-olds of 1854, Scythian excepted, were all sadly unfortunate. Acrobat and Virago "roared" very early, Ivan proved "a pheasant," and the winner of the St. Leger, Derby, and Oaks never even appeared. Voltigeur, Cossack, Vatican, and Midas are the principal sires whose stock will make their first effort in the coming year, and report speaks highly of the promise of the stock of the first two.

Dr. Palmer's death, from self-imposed starvation in gaol, has been rumoured; but at present the report, as far as we know, is premature. Recent discoveries seem more than ever to indicate that the deceased Mr. Cooke was very deeply connected with him in betting transactions, which quite accounts for the strange fascination and influence the accused had over him, at the very time when he felt convinced who had "dosed" him.

The coursing meetings are not very numerous. "Northumberland, Newcastle, and Durham" closed the year with one on Monday; Holt is fixed for New-year's-day; March (O) for the first week of January; Cork Southern Club (Killady Hill) for Wednesday; and Baldock (O) for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. *Apropos* of shooting, we hear that the feat of firing at a penny-piece was performed with great success lately near Cork, as three pellets were sent through the middle of it at the second effort. Mr. Osbaldeston once bet a friend £100 that this feat was impossible; but Groom or Bloodsworth (we forget which was selected by the taker of the odds) succeeded in sending a bullet through the middle of the penny, which he threw over his head himself. Wood-cocks are said to be scarce, owing to the very severe winter of 1854-55; and we understand that the Clyde fishers have been introducing greylings into it from the Wye, by means of a clever contrivance of Mr. Eyres, of the Derby Anglers' Club. It is well known that when fish are confined to a small volume of water the more delicate kinds very soon sicken and die, in consequence of their rapid consumption of all the air naturally contained in the water, and that then suffocation takes place. This Mr. Eyres obviated by attaching a small force-pump to the side of the vessel, with a pipe to the bottom, by which simple means a constant supply of air was kept bubbling up through the water, and the necessity of a constant change of water saved. The stocking of ponds, lakes, and rivers with new varieties of fish, and improved breeds, will now be a comparatively easy matter. This was the first occasion on which the invention had been tested, and it has been very successful.

**TARPORLEY HURDLE RACE.**—We have just seen a whip commemorative of the above race: it is mounted in silver, richly chased, representing a master of hounds surrounded by dogs, trees, &c., &c. On a shield is the following inscription:—"Presented to Captain HARRY COTTON, who rode Rattler for the Welter Hurdle Stakes at Tarporley Meeting, 1855, which he won, by T. Langford Brooke." The whip was made by Callow and Son, of Park-lane: the silver work is an elegant specimen of chasing, and the entire prize is executed in good taste.

**PILGRIMAGES IN AUSTRIA.**—There is in Austria a place of pilgrimage called Maria Zell, whither, every year, at certain periods, crowds of pilgrims resort to bring their contributions to the priests. Until now, this superstition had been left to the most ignorant classes of society. It is no longer. Amongst the 80,000 persons who went thither this year to merit or to purchase heaven, were the following, whose names are significant enough:—The Archduke Francis, Charles and Henry; the Ministers Buol and Bach, the Chevalier von Toggenburg, the Count Taffoe, the Prince Bishop of Seckau, the Count de Chambord, the Countess de Moran (wife of the Archduke John), the French Ambassador, Baron de Bourqueney, several noble families, and more than 300 priests. It is remarkable to see the Count de Chambord and the Ambassador of Napoleon III. meeting together on the same scene of this politico-religious farce.

**AN ITALIAN TRAGEDY.**—A dreadful event threw the inhabitants of the Place du Jardin Public, at Nice, into alarm this morning (Dec. 11). Marguerite Ferrara, a young girl of nineteen, attached to the service of the house of Laurencin, and sister of the porter, was stabbed in eleven places with a knife, by an Italian employed as coachman in the same house. The murderer stabbed himself immediately after, and died on the spot. The girl lived for three hours. The knife which was used by the man was a common table-knife, sharpened on both sides towards the point, thus showing that the crime was premeditated. He had long tormented the girl with his aspides, and it is thought that irritation at finding himself rejected led to the crime. The name of the murderer is Capponi, a native of Triora, and his age about twenty-seven. He formerly had been a soldier. A letter was found in his pocket, addressed to his victim, in which he says, "You have broken your oath, and must die."—*Avenir de Nice.*

**THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—Letters from reliable sources in Europe state that the United States, England, and France have made, not a tripartite treaty—for that term, I presume, would be considered as rather obnoxious—but a tripartite agreement, as regards the Sandwich Islands, the grand principle of which is "hands off" all round, and down with all filibustering expeditions against them. The matter has been kept so quiet on this side that I should be disposed to doubt the fact, except that it comes from European diplomatic authority. No doubt we shall know the full facts in the annual message. I, for one, wish it may be true; for Heaven knows we have no occasion for future trouble and expense, by annexing islands in the ocean at 10,000 miles distance; and if the other great naval Powers will agree to let them alone, we can properly and very safely do the same thing.—*New York Correspondent of the Washington Intelligencer.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A GOOD deal of amusement, and possibly a little disgust, has been created during the week by the republication in the daily journals of the letter of one Fal. P. Shafner, a Colonel in the Militia of the United States, describing his journey through Russia in Europe. The Colonel—if there be such a person, and if he be not altogether as fabulous as Baron Munchausen or Lemuel Gulliver—professes to narrate his impressions of the Russians, from the Czar down to the lowest serf, and his opinions of the strength and invincibility of the country. The Colonel—supposed by a contemporary to be Barnum himself, or, at least, his *primo buffo*—does not stick at trifles. A small lie (we may as well use the word we mean, and not the more elegant periphrasis that might be adopted) is not suited to his genius. He is a romancer of the most daring flights, second to none we have ever read or heard of—the immortal Munchausen alone excepted. The war is highly popular in Russia; the nobles will give their last rouble and their last serf in its support; the merchants are in high feather from the increase of their trade in consequence of it; the burden of taxation has been scarcely felt; the private resources of the Czar are alone sufficient to defray its expenses, even if it should extend into many future years; the serfs are as enthusiastic as the nobility and the merchants—they feel and know that Holy Russia will conquer; and that it is their business their duty, their pleasure, to shed their blood in the cause; the war has stopped nothing—public works go on as usual with the utmost prodigality and magnificence; the capture of Sebastopol was a trifle, for the Russians would have evacuated it for strategic reasons, if the Allies had not got possession of it; the destruction of the stores and arsenal at Sveaborg cost England 25,000,000 dollars, while it inflicted damage on the Czar to the extent of 150,000 dollars only; the bombardment did not even prevent the citizens from taking their daily walks whilst it was proceeding;—Cronstadt, formerly impregnable, has been strengthened at an immense expenditure of money, and, what is still more valuable, of engineering skill; and, to crown all, so great, so mighty, so rich is Holy Russia, "that the very domes of some of the churches are of gold; the ornaments in the interior are of the same valuable material, and many of them studded with diamonds and other precious stones." Space fails us to recount the marvels of the Colonel's too vivid imagination. How is it that your veritable Yankees, your out-and-out Republicans, cannot resist the fascinations of the smallest piece of courtesy from you out-and-out despot? The travelling Yankee affects to despise the civilities of a constitutional Sovereign—Queen Victoria for instance—but he kneels down in the slush and kisses the toes of the Czar. Is it on the principles that extremes meet?

A council of war is about to be held in Paris for the purpose of making arrangements for the approaching campaign. It is stated that Marshal Pelissier strongly urged this course. The Duke of Cambridge is to attend, from England, with others in whose military sagacity it is possible that the public may be induced to place even more confidence. We have upon previous occasions intimated our own opinions and hopes as to the share which this country should take in the strife, basing our views not upon sciolist speculation or newly-acquired facts, but upon consideration of national character and naval reputation; and we need say no more than that to the English navy will, we trust, be confided its own special duty, while the gallant armies of France deal with the enemy on land. *Suum cuique* is a good rule in war as in peace.

A long article by a Greek journalist has appeared, in which it is endeavoured to deny that the Greek sympathies are Russian. The writer allows that Russia has been a great "benefactor" to Greece, which does not owe its freedom only to France and England, but to the three Powers; and, therefore, it may be permitted, he thinks, to the Greeks to remember this, and to abstain from illuminations when two of the Powers who fought at Navarino, inflict a blow upon a third Power which then helped them to strike for Greece. There is no small amount of the dexterous plausibility of the modern Greek in this plea; but it will take a good many of such articles to convince Europe that the million or so of wily, greedy, shifty people who haunt the Mediterranean under pretext of being the representatives of the most glorious nation that ever flourished, are not the eager partisans and subservient tools of the Czar. The best thing they can say is that it is of such very little consequence which way Greece feels and acts in the struggle that the full-grown Powers might permit her to follow the bent of her feelings, so long as she abstains from offensively overt action.

The Wooler poison case has been succeeded by another, of even more singular character, although a case in which the feelings of compassion which were excited by the details of the gradual murder of an unoffending woman, are not aroused where the victim and the suspected criminal were but a couple of "betting men," whose loss, multiplied to any amount, society could bear exceedingly well. The accused person is a "sporting surgeon," and the deceased was his friend, and an ardent votary of the manly sport of making a book. The former appears to have been deeply in debt to the latter, and the circumstances of the poisoning, and the disappearance of the murdered man's betting-book, to say nothing of even darker imputations (to the effect that other lives had been assured, and strangely terminated under the auspices of the suspected party) leave little doubt upon the case. In poor Mrs. Wooler's fate, a mineral poison, which can almost always be detected, was employed: a deadlier vegetable agent, which is rapidly absorbed by the system, was used to accomplish the last crime. While we write, it is stated, we know not how truly, that the accused has anticipated the sentence of the law. People who have a gift at finding out coincidences, liken this case to that of Thurtell and Weare, which nauseated the world some quarter of a century or more ago. The only resemblance is in the fact that in both cases the parties have belonged to that section of life from which—if such things must be—society can spare a constituent occasionally—the "betting fraternity." In other respects the deeds are most dissimilar: Weare's murder having been a piece of brutal, vulgar ruffianism, whereas Cooke's seems to have been executed with unusual subtlety, and to have been detected chiefly from the overt acting of the supposed criminal.

Before finally discussing the Wooler case until a new investigation takes place, let an act of justice be done to Mr. Baron Martin. He has been accused of forgetfulness of the duties of a judge, and has been severely censured for having, as was alleged, thrown suspicion broadcast among the group that surrounded the death-bed of Mrs. Wooler. We have already expressed our views as to the conventionalisms with which it is sought so sedulously to enmesh justice in days when the increased resources of crime demand that she should be proportionably unfettered. The old "bandage" is still to be kept upon her eyes, while those she has to deal with use telegraphs, railroads, and chemistry. But to pass from this, it should be said that the accusation against Baron Martin was simply unfounded. He describes himself as having been misreported, and to have really uttered the very harmless speech—that his fancy would have laid the charge anywhere but where the prosecution had done so. This explanation is offered after the Judge has run the gauntlet of the formidable strictures of the metropolitan press and the reflected indignation of many provincial scribes, who wait for the morning mail to take their cue. It is hard that our legal authorities should be exposed to the double injury of being badly reported and unjustly castigated, but the occurrence is far from uncommon. While Parliamentary reporting for the London press is about as perfect a system as can be conceived, and the trash of House of Commons oratory is preserved with photographic fidelity, the far more important utterances of the heads of the law—and especially the sentiments and decisions of the poor man's oracle, the police magistrate—are far less faithfully rendered. Baron Martin's case is an illustration of one class of hardship—but the law-reporter being generally a man of education

and ability, he naturally does his work, if not scientifically, respectably. But the unhappy police-magistrate—every syllable of whose reported sayings is a text for some hebdomadal critic—is perpetually suffering through misrepresentation; and every one who has the honour of acquaintance with these invaluable officials can testify to the "Of course, I never said anything like it," which is usually their only comment upon an article of savage or polished censure.

## THE REFORMATORY ESTABLISHMENT AT METTRAY.

In our impression of last week we said a few words on the boys in the street, and ventured to suggest an idea for the improvement of their condition. Lord Leigh has written a letter to a member of a committee for carrying out an institution for the reformation of the young in Warwickshire; and, as the subject is one of deep interest for all who are anxious to better the condition of their fellow-men, whether from philanthropic or selfish motives, we call attention to the following extracts from Lord Leigh's letter, which appeared in the *Times* of Christmas day:—

The conduct of the *Colonie Agricole* of Mettray has the advantage of resting entirely with our admirable friend M. De Metz, who first set the institution on foot about seventeen years ago, in company with a friend, the Viscomte de Bretignières de Courtelle. It has been supported by private subscription, by his own and by his friend's benevolence, and by assistance from Government at the rate of 70c., or 7d. per head a day, with a gift of 35f. on the admission of the child into the colony, and 35f. at the close of two years more, with an annual subscription of 50,000f. (£2000 English money), lately diminished to 25,000f., or £1000. The present number of children is 681, and of *employés* fed at the expense of the institution, 56. The buildings stand in the middle of a flat open plain, remote from any town or large village, without wall or inclosure of any sort, for the purposes at least of confinement. The boys are divided into families of, in general, from thirty to fifty each, to which families they remain attached during the whole period of their detention; and when they returned to visit Mettray, when out of a situation, they invariably seem to turn again to their old family. There are twelve houses (exclusive of the farmhouses) for the boys, divided into three stories; the two upper form the sleeping and living rooms, while the ground floor is used for a workshop. M. De Metz started with the idea that he might exclude trades altogether, but his long experience has taught him that this did not answer; nevertheless, he makes a very great point of agricultural occupations, and something rather less than half the whole number of children are employed directly upon the farms. To return to the family division, to which I conceive the success of Mettray to be greatly due, I am of opinion that this system alone allows of attention to every individual child, which is indispensable to the reformation of each individual character, while it procures for children who have perhaps never experienced them before the happy influences inspired by the love of home. M. De Metz is at very great pains, in introducing new boys, to place them judiciously as regards the families. The family division presents great advantages on the introduction of any number of boys into the institution; for when there is an accession of bad boys—who, if turned in with ever so great a number of others, would remain a nucleus of evil, attracting all the evil round it till it swelled and corrupted the whole mass—by a careful subdivision, and by introducing but one or two boys into a family of improved and improving character, the spirit of evil is probably soon repressed by the preponderating good around, and no permanent injury is done.

The children have three meals a day—meat twice a week. The cost of their diet averages 45 centimes, or 4½d. The trades the children learn are various—tailoring, shoemaking, *sabot* making, with blacksmiths', wheelwrights', and carpenters' work; and they also make agricultural implements. They take turns to assist in the domestic services of the house and kitchen. Washing is done every day in an admirably-organised laundry, and the boys wash their own clothes. It is the *chef d'atelier* who adjudges the little rewards in money which are given to the best workmen among the colons at the close of every three months, to the amount of about 3½f. for the best, with a graduated scale down to the 8th, if the family consists of forty to fifty boys, but only down to the 4th if it consist of twenty to thirty. The *chef de famille*, however, puts his veto upon the reward if the conduct of the child in the family has not been satisfactory. Part of the money is put into the savings-bank at Tours; and, I believe, one-fourth is at the disposal of the child, at the discretion of the *chef*, but the account-books are entirely in the hands of the controller of the finances of the establishment.

The strictest discipline is observed, and nothing is overlooked. Dry bread is an occasional punishment, but the cell is a more frequent one. Every fault which has called for reproof is registered, and a most careful and detailed conduct-book is kept, showing the behaviour of every child. When a fault calls for punishment, before it is inflicted upon the child he is made to retire into a cell which takes for the time being the name of *Salle de Reflexion*; he is kept there for an hour or so, and meanwhile the *directeur* reviews his conduct-book, takes into careful consideration the previous circumstances and conduct of the boy, his general character, his advantages and disadvantages, and, having carefully weighed them and taken time to collect himself, and give the boy leisure to reflect upon his fault, he is in a position to pronounce, as far as human discernment goes, the exact measure of punishment deserved by the child. Those confined to cells have an hour's exercise a day in chopping wood, or in some similar occupation.

There are six farms attached to the institution. The land consists altogether of 260 hectares, or about 520 English acres. The farming is overseen by a very gentlemanlike person in the pay of M. De Metz. The land appears well cultivated; and a large stock of horses, cows, and pigs is kept. It must be an excellent thing, I think, for children to have the care and tending of dumb animals—"Emolit mores, nec sinit esse feros." The farm buildings are as simple as possible—just such as the colons are likely to find themselves in afterlife. There is a large, rough, wooden, and thatched open outhouse put up in a field, where the children are made to break stones in winter, rainy weather. They all do their work by the piece, so as to excite and accustom each child to industry. The boys, moreover, are made to practise gymnastic exercises, and everything they do they seem to do heartily.

A ship has been put up—dry ground, of course—for the boys to gain as much knowledge as they can of seamanship, and an old sailor is engaged to instruct them. Some of the boys, also, are formed into a fire-brigade, and have rendered at times substantial assistance in the neighbourhood, and only the other day saved the village church of Mettray from destruction by fire. It is scarcely possible without a personal visit to Mettray to form a correct idea of the amount of study and attention which is devoted to the consideration of every particular, and of every child in particular. The family division makes this easy by concentrating the attention of the several *employés* allotted to the same number of children; if assembled in an undivided mass the same amount of good could never possibly be effected, for the attention of each one would be divided by the whole number; nor could the interest in each other be awakened which now exists between the *chef de famille* and his young people. As for the *employés* themselves, who are gentlemen by nature, if not always by birth, it is quite impossible to see and converse with these intelligent, well-educated, and benevolent men without feeling how great must be their elevating influence upon the character and general tone of the boys. The two principal *employés* are in the receipt of £160 per annum each. They are of a standard of intelligence and ability which would ensure their advancement in any profession, and one feels their devotion to be the more admirable.

Lesson hours do not exceed one or two a day. I must add that the children are first received as innocent, and as having sinned without discernment, and therefore irresponsible for their actions; but when they have been once admitted to the benefit of the instructions given them in the institution they are considered to be capable of discernment, and become subject to the strict rules observed in the institution.

M. De Metz and other French reformers congratulate themselves upon the superiority of the French law over the English, as they are able to receive children direct into their institutions; whereas our law sends them first to prison, and thereby disqualifies them for ever for the army and navy.

**THE QUEEN AND THE CRIMEAN OFFICERS.**—Her Majesty is making a collection of photographic portraits of the more distinguished officers engaged in the Crimean campaign. Her Majesty's sympathy with her wounded soldiers is well known, as also is the hospitality and gracious attention shown to the officers who have returned to England on leave or otherwise. To this her Majesty has added the compliment of expressing a wish to have a photographic portrait taken for the Royal portfolio. The artist who has been intrusted with the taking of the pictures is Mr. Mayall, the well-known photographer of Argyll-place, Regent-street.

**THE VIENNA POLICE.**—A physician of my acquaintance had a little party last Saturday, which ended somewhat unpleasantly. One of the guests sat down to the piano and played a quadrille, and the Viennese, who never lose an opportunity of dancing, began to trip it on the light fantastic toe. A gendarme who chanced to be passing went up to the apartment in which the amusement was going on, and, to the horror of the assembled guests, walked the virtuoso off to the police prison. It is Advent, and music for dancing is prohibited by the Archbishop of Vienna!—*Letter from Vienna.*

The last conscription in Bavaria has established the fact that only half the young men in that country possessed the physical conditions required for military service.

## THE LATE SAMUEL ROGERS.

SAMUEL ROGERS, author of "The Pleasures of Memory," and of other poems of a didactic and descriptive character, was the third son of Thomas Rogers, Esq., of Stoke Newington, in Middlesex, where his distinguished son, recently removed from among us, in his ninety-third year, was born on the 30th July, 1763. His father was a wealthy banker in London, and a man of eminence among the Protestant Dissenters in that land of dissent Hackney and Stoke Newington. His mother was a lineal descendant of Philip Henry. The family came originally from Worcestershire. The house in which the poet was born is the first that presents itself on Newington-green, on the west side proceeding from Ball's pond.

Old Rogers carried on his banking business at No. 3, Freeman's-court, Cornhill, under the firm of Rogers, Olding, and Rogers, from whence he removed to the present locality of the firm, No. 29, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, long known as the banking-house of Messrs. Langston, Polhill, Towgood, and Amory. Towgood married, in 1792, a sister of the poet, and was subsequently introduced into the firm at Freeman's-court. The present firm is Rogers, Towgood, Olding, and Co. The elder brother of the poet was that Mr. Henry Rogers, of Highbury, of whom it was so beautifully said by his brother that it was pleasant always to be with him, for in his eyes he never looked old. The sister was that Miss Rogers, of Hanover-terrace, in the Regent's-park, who died only last year, and who had all her brother's cultivated taste for the Fine Arts. He received his education among the Dissenters, and derived his first predilection for poetry from the hymns of Dr. Watts. Watts lived and died in the neighbourhood of Stoke Newington, and the reputation of his piety and poetry was then even greater than it is now.

Of his early life nothing has been told, nor was he very fond of alluding to it. We first hear of him as an author in print in the year 1786, when he published in quarto, with Cadell in the Strand, his "Ode to Superstition." He had left his poem at the shop of that eminent publisher with, as he told the writer of this memoir, a bank note to pay for any loss by its publication. It is easy to see that he was fresh from Gray, and that "The Bard" and "An Ode to Adversity" were then, as they were through life, favourite compositions with the youthful poet.

There was then a dearth of poets. Gray, Goldsmith, Akenside, and Churchill were dead. Johnson had died some sixteen months before Cowper was imperfectly known by his first volume. Crabbe was still less known by his "Village," his "Library," and "Newspaper." Hayley had his circle of admirers; his "Triumphs of Temper," first published in 1781, though now forgotten, was famous in its day. Peter Lindar was commencing his run of rough but ready, and at times vigorous, satires. Burns had not yet appeared. The ladies were then prominent in verse. The names of Hannah More, Anna Seward, Lucy Aikin, and Helen Maria Williams, were better known to the then generation than the names of L. E. L. and Felicia Hemans to our own. It was a good time for the appearance of a true poet.

In the year 1792 Mr. Rogers made his second appearance as a poet, by the publication, again in a quarto shape, of "The Pleasures of Memory"—a poem in two parts, written in our English heroes, with rhyme, with great elegance of language and great correctness of thought. As a poem, it is inferior to "The Pleasures of Imagination," which preceded it, and to "The Pleasures of Hope," which followed it. The poem of Akenside is for the present; that of Campbell, for the future; and that of Rogers, for the past. "Memory" is replete with tender and graceful sentiments, but wants the poetic inspiration of the poem on "Imagination," and the earnest and buoyant feeling of the poem upon "Hope."

Useful attention was called to the poem by the publication, in the Annual Register, of some well-timed stanzas said to have been written on the blank leaf of the volume. These verses afford an affecting reverse of the poet's picture, and Rogers has given greater permanence to them by inserting them in a note to his poem. They were published anonymously, but were written, as Mr. Rogers tells us, by Henry F. R. Soame, of Trinity College, Cambridge. They might be called "The Sorrows of Memory," as the late Mr. Darley called the reverse of Campbell, "The Sorrows of Hope."

We have had occasion already to allude to Mr. Rogers' high admiration of Gray. This admiration he extended to Gray's literary executor, Mason. We have heard him relate with what anxiety he sent a copy of his new poem to Mason (whom he never saw), and with what anxiety he waited for his letter of acknowledgment. But no letter came. At length he heard through Gilpin, to whom Mason had written expressing his approval. The never-very-genial Mason was soured by many disappointments, he was then old, and was then in the mood at which Rogers himself arrived—that of reading or liking no one's verses but his own. He, however, really liked the "Pleasures of Memory," and his approval was sixty years afterwards a source of innocent delight to the satirist of St. James's-place.

It merits mentioning that Coleridge, in his first volume of verse, made a heavy accusation against Mr. Rogers as a poet. He accused him of stealing the tale of "Florio" in his poem from the "Locheven" of Michael Bruce. Lamb, in a letter to Coleridge, denounced the charge as a most barefaced, unfounded, impudent assertion—in short, that scarce anything was common to them both. Rogers, he was assured by Dyer (the G. D. of "Elia"), was hurt by the accusation of unoriginality. In his second and enlarged edition Coleridge thus acknowledged his error:—"I did (and still do) perceive a certain likeness between the two stories; but certainly not a sufficient one to justify my assertion. I feel it my duty, therefore, to apologise to the author and to the public for this rashness; and my sense of honesty would not have been satisfied by the bare omission of the note. No one can see more clearly the littleness and futility of imagining plagiarism in the works of men of genius; but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*; and my mind at the time of writing that note was sick and sore with anxiety, and weakened through much suffering. I have not the most distant knowledge of Mr. Rogers, except as a correct and elegant poet. If any of my readers should know him personally they would oblige me by informing him that I have exonerated a sentence of unfounded detraction by an unsolicited and self-originating apology." Mr. Rogers was satisfied; but the two poets never became intimate. They were very unlike. Both were fond of talking; but Coleridge spoke golden discourses, while Rogers restricted himself to very short stories and still shorter epigrams.

The "Pleasures of Memory" was the means of introducing him to Mr. Fox—an introduction that coloured the whole career of the poet. No one could be ten minutes in Mr. Rogers' company without hearing some friendly reference to the name of Fox. He really loved him on this side idolatry, and Mr. Fox is known to have evinced a sincere regard for the poet. Mr. Fox brought him from Highbury-barn and Ball's-pond to the Court end of the town—to Conduit-street and St. James's-place. When Mr. Rogers moved to what is now his far-famed house in St. James's-place, Mr. Fox was the leading guest at the house-warming dinner; and when (1806) Mr. Fox was buried at Westminster Abbey, the poet of "Memory" gave expression to his grief in some of the best turned and most tender of his verses.

His agreement with his bookseller we find recorded in a letter of the year 1808:—"I bear," he says, "two-thirds of the expense and take two-thirds of the profit." This he thought, however, too large an allowance to the bookseller. "The plan I have adopted," he writes, "would be reasonable enough, if Cadell could be acquitted of the misdemeanor of writing a third of my poems." His agreement with Murray was the same with that which he had made with Cadell.

His third publication—and his masterpiece, as many consider it—was (1798) his "Epistle to a Friend," of which the design is to illustrate the virtue of True Taste, and to show how little she requires to secure, not only the comforts, but even the elegancies of life. True Taste, he very properly observes, is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means; while False Taste is ever sighing after the new and the rare; and reminds us in her works of the scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.

The Villa of this Epistle on True Taste differs, of course, in every essential from Timon's Villa of Pope's Epistle on False Taste. Mr. Rogers' villa, to which he invites his friend in this epistle, is a sort of "St. Ann's Hill," charmingly situated in English scenery, with its few apartments, and those furnished with casts from the antique, and engravings from the Italian masters. The dining-room is then described; then the library; then the cold bath. A winter walk and a summer walk succeed. The invitation is renewed, and the poem concludes with sentiments suitable to the occasion. The verse is that of Dryden and Pope; but the execution is more in the manner of Goldsmith and Parnell.

In the first edition the poet had admitted the description of an ice-house, of very inferior execution to the other parts of the poem, and somewhat out of place. That no lines of so careful a writer may be lost, we shall

transcribe them from the quarto copy of the first edition now before us:

But hence away! you rocky cave forbear!  
A sullen captive broods in silence there.  
There though the dog-star flame, condemn'd to dwell,  
In the dark centre of its innom cell,  
Wild winter ministers his dread control,  
To cool and crystallise the nectar'd bowl!  
His faded form an awful grace retains;  
Stern though subdued, majestic yet in chains.

Few will recognise in this description a cartload of ice from an adjoining pack, packed for summer use in a solitary ice-house, half concealed at the end of an overgrown shrubbery.

Before he made his fourth public appearance as a poet he had obtained the friendship of Lord Byron. They met through the instrumentality of Moore. They were prepared for friendship. In his satire of 1809, Byron had described the "Pleasures of Memory," the "Pleasures of Hope," and the "Essay on Man" as "the most beautiful didactic poems in our language." The poet himself he called "melodious Rogers." Their meeting was at a reconciliation-dinner with Moore at the table of Mr. Rogers. This was in November, 1811, and only four persons were present: Mr. Rogers, the host; Lord Byron, Tom Moore, and Tom Campbell. This was Byron's first introduction to these poets, whose names will honourably survive with his own.

It was known about this time (1812) in poetic and political circles that the poet of the "Pleasures of Memory" had a new poem nearly ready for publication. Great things were promised. It was a fragment; it was true, but it was a torso. Then the name transpired. The subject was the voyage of Columbus—a noble theme and nobly treated, so his admirers affirmed. Expectation was at its height. Since his last appearance, the poet had become familiar with Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, and still more recently with Byron. He was now about to fulfil the promise of his former efforts. He was not one who became a poet by necessity. He had no occasion to write for money. His time was his own—his subject was his own choosing. Too much was perhaps expected, and disappointment was expressed when it was found that the much-talked-about "Columbus" was "suffered to glide into public notice without any of the usual forms of introduction." It was printed at the end of a new edition of his poems, in duodecimo, to which the graceful pencil of Stothard and the spirited graver of Cennell were both called in to contribute. "Columbus" neither engaged the public nor pleased the critics.

The Quarterly Review, then the terror of all Whig writers, was hard upon the poet. The critic was the late Lord Dudley, an accomplished scholar, and not wanting either in nicety of discernment or in literary skill. Rogers, always sensitive to adverse criticism, was greatly annoyed. His feelings are indicated by Byron in a letter to Moore:—"Rogers," he writes, "has returned to town, but not yet recovered of the Quarterly. What follows these reviewers are! They made you fight; and me (the mildest of men) a satirist; and will end by making Rogers madder than Ajax." Moore was anxious to ascertain the effect upon his friend:—"How does Rogers seem to bear the review of 'Columbus'?" he writes to Miss Godfrey. "It is in many parts most insidiously done; and the accusing him of haste is really too impudent a humbug, when they and all the world knows so entirely to the contrary."

He had other consolation at hand. It was only the year before this hostile criticism that Byron wrote the following complimentary lines on the blank leaf of a copy of "The Pleasures of Memory":—

Absent or present, still to thee, And "Memory" o'er her Druid's tomb  
My friend, what magic spells belong! Shall weep that aught of thee candie,  
As all can tell who share, like me,  
In turn thy converse and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come, How fondly will she then repay  
By friendship ever deemed too nigh,  
Her homage offered at her shrine,  
And blend, while ages roll away,  
Her name immortally with thine.

The volume in which these graceful lines were written was that edition of the Poems of its author in which the "Fragment of Columbus" was first given to the public. The story of their composition we have heard from Mr. Rogers' own lips:—"Byron asked me for a copy of my Poems. I gave him a copy. This is it. He took it away with him, and returned it to me next day, with these verses, which I dare say you know." On one leaf is the presentation to Byron in Rogers' handwriting, and on the reverse of the leaf the lines in Byron's handwriting. The copy of his poems which Mr. Rogers gave to his brother poet to supply the place of the one thus additionally enriched, is now in the possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street.

But the complimentary stanzas of Byron were not the only marks of friendship and esteem which he received to soothe him for the hostile observation of his critic that his "Columbus" "had cast a shade upon the poetical reputation of its author." When the criticism was newly in the hands of more readers than Mr. Rogers addressed, his "obliged and affectionate servant, Byron," for so he calls himself, inscribed to him (in May, 1813) his "Tale of the Giaour," "as a slight but most sincere token of admiration for his genius, respect for his character, and gratitude for his friendship." Other honours were in store for him, of which the greatest of all was Moore's dedication to him in 1817 of his poem of "Lalla Rookh." Moore was the first to mention that he received the hint of his story from his friend Mr. Rogers.

Irritated but not daunted, he suffered his next publication to glide into public notice anonymously. In August, 1814, appeared from the shop of Mr. Murray a thin duodecimo volume, entitled "Lara, a Tale; Jacqueline, a Tale," to which was prefixed a brief advertisement written anonymously by Lord Byron, in which he hints at his own authorship of "Lara," and states that "Jacqueline" is the production of a different author; "added at the request of the writer of the former tale, whose wish and entreaty it was that it should occupy the first pages of the volume."

The union was not thought happy. Murray, the publisher, solicited a divorce. "Jacqueline," Jeffrey wrote to Moore, "is not advantageously placed with Lara as a companion." Byron himself was fond of making fun of this joint production—"Larry and Jacky" as he delighted to nickname them. An acquaintance of Byron, who was reading the book in the Brighton coach, was asked by a passenger the name of the author and on replying that there were two, "Ay, ay," rejoined the querist, "a joint concern, I suppose—summon like Sternhold and Hopkins."

There was another incident of this year (1813) that carried unpleasantness to the sensitive mind of Rogers. Leigh Hunt's agreeable "Feast of the Poets," in imitation of those "sessions" which our old writers were so fond of, appeared during the criticism in the Quarterly and the publication of "Jacqueline." Four poets are admitted to dine with Apollo—Scott, Southey, Campbell, and Moore. Rogers is only asked to tea. "You are hardly fair to Rogers," Byron wrote to Leigh Hunt; "why tea?" You might surely have given him supper, if only a sandwich." Moore pointed out at the time the same unfairness as he thought it.

When in 1814 the Continent was free once more to Englishmen, Mr. Rogers went abroad, chiefly for the sake of seeing that noble collection of works of art which Napoleon had assembled in Paris. Few connoisseurs were better fitted to relish what they saw than Rogers. He was one of our very few poets who have understood painting and sculpture. Gray understood them; so did Thomson; and both had choice collections of prints from the old masters. On this occasion he saw the Louvre for the first time, and then (March 4, 1815) wrote those not inappropriate lines which he afterwards introduced into his poem of "Italy."

The fall of Napoleon, soon after, enabled him to extend his knowledge of Continental life, Continental scenery, and Continental art. He carried with him a manuscript poem, "Human Life," in his favourite form of verse, that of the "Pleasures of Memory," and gave his whole leisure to blotting and refining. This he published on his return in 1819, in quarto, with Murray, but it neither roused the critics, nor extended its writer's reputation. The knowledge of human life which it exhibits is restricted to a very narrow and polished circle. He does not deal with human life as Pope deals with man.

His next publication, and it was his last, was his descriptive poem of "Italy," of which he had given up foretaste in his lines on "Festum," printed with his poem on "Human Life." He sent his poem to the Messrs. Longman, anonymously, and the Longmans referred it to Moore, then fresh from Italy, for an opinion of its merits. What opinion Moore gave, I know not. It was, I believe, first privately printed, and was, as is well known, published by Murray, then taken to Cadell, and finally, on Cadell's death, to Moxon. The third edition of the first part was published by Murray in 1823. It was read, heard, and dismissed with civility, but was not remunerative.

Of the additions which he made to this poem from first to last, that which will be found to interest the greatest number of readers is his meeting at Bologna, by appointment, with Lord Byron. This was in the autumn of 1821. They visited the Florence Gallery together, and then parted for the last time. Five years had elapsed since Rogers had seen him. He found him grey-headed, though then only in his thirty-third year.

A friendship thus memorable has been tarnished by the posthumous publication of a satire on Rogers by Lord Byron, not surpassed for cool

malignity, dexterous portraiture, and happy imagery in the whole compass of the English language. It is said, and by those well informed, that Rogers used to bore Byron while in Italy by his incessant minute dilletantism, and by visits at hours when Byron did not care to see him. One of many wild freaks to repel his unseasonable visits was to set his big dog at him. To mind like Byron's here was sufficient provocation for a satire. The subject, too, was irresistible. Other inducements were not wanting. No man indulged himself more in sarcastic remarks upon his contemporaries than Mr. Rogers. He indulged his wit at any sacrifice. He spared no one, and Byron consequently did not escape. Sarcastic sayings travel on electric wires; and one of Rogers' personal and amusing allusions to Byron reached the ears of the poetic pilgrim at Ravenna. Few characters can bear its microscopic scrutiny of wit. Byron suffered. Fewer characters can bear its microscopic scrutiny when quickened by anger, and Rogers suffered still more severely.

This, the greatest of modern satirical portraits in verse, was written before their final meeting at Bologna. Rogers was not aware that any saying of his had ever reached the ear of Byron, and Byron never published the verses on Rogers. They met like the handsome women described by Cibber, who, though they wished one another at the Devil, are "My dear" and "My dear" whenever they meet. One doubtless considered his saying as something to be forgotten, and the other his verses as something not to be remembered.

Though his poetic labours may be said to have ceased more than thirty years before his death by the publication of his "Italy;" he did not entirely desert the Muse, but tried his strength once more in some short and graceful copies of verses addressed to Lord Grenville and to Earl Grey. His latest effusion is dated in 1834, when he had exceeded the Scriptural three score and ten, and beyond an epithet or the correction of half a line, his poetic partitions did not after this extend. He dedicated the remainder of his literary life to the publication of those two beautifully-illustrated volumes, his "Italy," and his "Poems." No one knew better than Rogers how to sustain a reputation, and no one was more desirous than he of leaving a poetic memory behind him. What wealth could accomplish—he is said to have spent ten thousand pounds on two octavo volumes—wealth has accomplished, and what a refined taste could effect in directing wealth, refined taste has effected most exquisitely in these volumes. The graceful Stothard is nowhere seen to greater advantage, and the poetic Turner is nowhere to be found equally poetic on so small a scale. The text is part and parcel of the engravings—there is no separating them. This suggested a happy parody of a couplet in Pope:—

See where the pictures for the page alone,  
And Sam is saved by beauties not his own.

What is true of Quarles' "Emblems" is true of Rogers' "Italy" and Rogers' "Poems."

The history of the thirty last years of his life would be little more than a series of visits between Bowood and Holland House—of breakfasts given at his own table to every person in England or in America in any way eminent, and of dinners at his own house to men like Moore, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, Maltby, and others whom he had known for many years—varied by the mysterious robbery at his bank, an accident to him in the streets, by attendances at auctions of pictures, at meetings of the Trustees of the National Gallery, and periodical visits to Broadstairs and Brighton. His hand was in his purse immediately in aid of any case of literary or artistic distress. A subscription list for a monument to an author, or an artist, or an actor was sure to include his name—not for an ostentatious amount, but for a sum commensurate with his means and position. When Moore was in the midst of his Bermuda difficulties the ever-ready Rogers was there to relieve him. When Sheridan was deserted on his death-bed by those who had courted him when he had strength to be of use to them, Rogers was there to arrest an execution and give him the last money he was ever to receive. When Campbell sought assistance in the purchase of a share in a magazine he was conducting, he went at once to Rogers and obtained the loan of the five hundred pounds he required for the purchase; and when Moxon, then young and unknown, wished to start for himself as a bookseller, Rogers, who knew nothing more of him than by a poem he had dedicated to him, offered the money that was necessary; and Moxon started as a publisher under the patronage of Rogers, as, a century before, Dodsworth had started as a publisher under the patronage of Pope.

His house in St. James's-place was well described by Byron in his Journal:—"If you enter his house, his drawing-room, his library, you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimneypiece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor." What was true when Byron wrote was true to the last hour of his life. While he had strength to move about, he was constantly making additions of moment to his collection. He had something of everything that was beautiful in nature and art. From his windows he commanded the best look-out in London—the beautiful grass slopes of the Green-park, skirted by Piccadilly on one side, and the palace of his Sovereign on the other. It was a bachelor's house, but then he was content to die a bachelor. His drawing-room mantelpiece was of marble, from the chisel of the classic Flaxman. His cabinets in the same room contained panels by the poetical Stothard, from Chaucer and Boccaccio. That mahogany table in the dining-room was carved by Chantrey when, as a sculptor, he was unknown, and his means were narrow. That case of miniatures over the fireplace Walpole would have envied; and those natural flowers in the centre of the room and at the window, Van Huysum could not improve in point of arrangement, or Chiswick or Chatsworth surpass in point of form and colour.

(To be continued.)

MONEY-LENDING IN PARIS.—Last week the Paris Tribunal of Correctional Police tried a bill-discounter named Clouet for usury. It was proved that he had been for some years past in the habit of discounting bills at from 10 to 133 per cent, and had made the parties who gave them accept in part payment damaged goods, shares in companies of small value, or bills of exchange not likely to be paid. Among his victims were a M. Villain, who paid 70 per cent for discounts and renewals, to the extent of 636,559 francs; M. Carlier, ex-director of the Théâtre des Variétés, who paid 53 per cent on two discounts of 11,550 francs and 11,025 francs; M. Briant, who paid 10,200 francs for the discount of bills at three, four, and five months' date, amounting to 22,000 francs, or about 133 per cent; and M. Lebastie, who paid from 30 to 120 per cent for discounts and renewals, amounting in the whole to 134,038 francs. The tribunal sentenced Clouet to four months' imprisonment and 50,000 francs fine.

THE SURRENDER OF KARS.—General Mouravieff writes, under date of the 25th ult., that the Russians took at Kars 16,000 prisoners, among whom were 8000 Turkish regular troops and 6000 irregulars, 12 standards, and 30,000 muskets. General Mouravieff, in ordering the garrison of Kars to file off before him, dispensed with the English taking part in that movement. Omer Pacha, on hearing that Prince Bagration had received reinforcements, hastily recrossed the Ingour, and fell back on Sonkoum Kaleh.



MORTAR CASTING, AT THE REGENT'S-CANAL IRONWORKS.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Monday, the 10th inst., the Gold and Silver Medals were distributed to the Royal Academy students for the successful Drawings and Pictures of the year. The following were the awards:—Gold Medals to Mr. J. Powell, for the best Historical Painting; and to Mr. J. Adams, for an Historical Group in Sculpture. Silver Medals to Mr. J. W. Johns, for the best Painting from the Living Draped Model; to Mr. P. R. Morris, for the best Drawing from the Life; to Mr. J. Waite, for the next best Drawing from the Life; to Mr. S. J. Carter, for the best Drawing from the Antique; to Mr. G. A. Freezor, for the next best Drawing from the Antique; to Mr. H. Bursill, for the best Model from the Antique; to Mr. S. Lynn, for the next best Model from the Antique; to Mr. G. J. Miller, for the next best Model from the Antique; to Mr. T. Sich, for a Perspective Drawing; to Mr. A. H. Parken, for a Specimen of Sciagraphy; and to Mr. J. S. Wyon, for a Medal Die.

We have engraved Mr. Powell's Historical Picture, "The Death of Alcibiades"—the composition taken from the account recited by Plutarch:—Alcibiades at the time resided in a small village in Phrygia, having his mistress, Timandra, with him. One night he dreamed that he was attired in his mistress's habit, and that, as she held him in her arms, she dressed his head, and painted his face like a woman. Others say he dreamed that Magacus cut off his head and burned his body; and we are told that it was but a little before his death that he had this vision. Be this as it may, those that were sent to assassinate him, not daring to enter his house, set it on fire. As soon as he perceived it, he got together large quantities of clothes and hangings, and threw them upon the fire to choke it; then having wrapped his robe about his left hand, and taking his sword in his right, he sallied through the fire, and got safe out before the stuff which he had thrown upon it could catch the flame. At sight of him the barbarians dispersed, not one of them daring to wait for him, or to encounter him hand to hand; but standing at a distance they

pierced him with their darts and arrows. Thus fell Alcibiades. The barbarians retiring after he was slain, Timandra wrapped the body in her own robes, and buried it as decently and honourably as her circumstances would allow. \*

Some writers, although they agree as to the manner of Alcibiades' death, yet differ about the cause. They tell us that catastrophe is not to be imputed to Pharmabazus, or Lysander, or the Lacedemonians; but that Alcibiades having corrupted a young woman of noble family in that country, and keeping her in his house, her brothers, incensed at the injury, set fire, in the night, to the house in which he lived, and upon his breaking through the flames killed him in the manner we have related.

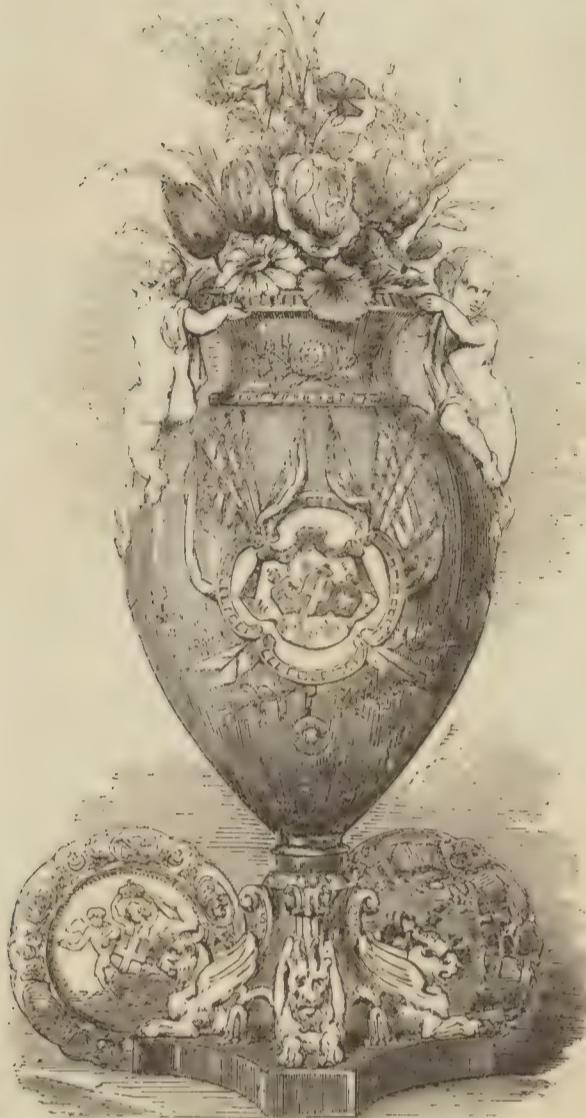
We have only to observe that Mr. Powell has, in his composition, told the classic story so well as to merit the high Academic honour which he has received.



"THE DEATH OF ALCIBIADES," THE ROYAL ACADEMY HISTORICAL PAINTING PRIZE, BY J. POWELL.

## SUPERB PORCELAIN.

AMONG the many ornamental objects of artistic merit which graced the Royal table at the entertainment recently given to the King of Sardinia at the Guildhall were some exquisite specimens of porcelain, which assert a high claim to notice for their pre-eminence in that class of British art-manufacture. The specimens to which we allude were manufactured for the occasion by Messrs. John Rose and Co., of Coalbrookdale, for Messrs. Staples, of the Albion Tavern, who were the Amphytrions of the banquet. The finest of these works is a porcelain vase, three feet in height, in which, as well as the plates, the leading features of the design and ornamentation were carried out. These consist of heraldic and other devices, expressive of international sentiments.



PORCELAIN VASE, MANUFACTURED AT COALBROOK DALE, FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT TO THE KING OF SARDINIA, AT GUILDHALL.

The Vase is remarkably beautiful in form. In compartments on the body are the arms of the City of London, and those of the Allied nations, flanked by their respective flags. These appear to advantage against a green ground—the prevailing colour of the vase. The suggestive character of the design is completed by the crescent and the star in silver upon the shoulder of the vase, supported by branches of oak and bay—the latter of raised gold and chased.

The Dessert Plates embody the same general features of design as those carried out upon the vase, but in greater detail—prominence being given to the Sardinian arms forming the centre of one plate, and, to the arms of the respective capitals of the Allies upon another.



CAST-IRON LIGHTHOUSE, CONSTRUCTED FOR THE GREAT ISAAC ROCKS.

## NEW MARKET-HOUSE, WEYMOUTH, DORSET.

THIS favourite resort of George III. possesses a bay and surrounding scenery, unsurpassed in beauty. The esplanade for promenade and drive, which skirts the bay, is nearly a mile in length, and is admitted to be unequalled.

The markets of the town were formerly held under a building which existed on the site of the present Town-hall, but for many years they have been held in the open streets, which twice a week have been blocked up by a very unsightly and inconvenient mass of stalls, trucks, boards, &c.; and not until last year was anything done effectually to remedy the evil; when the Mayor (James Aldridge Devenish, Esq.), with the assistance of other members of the Town Council, took the steps necessary for the erection of a general Market-house and a Fish-market. The Act of Parliament was obtained, and the works were commenced in September of the same year.

The plan consists of a parallelogram of 94 feet by 50 feet, and is divided by three roofs—the centre one of 42 feet span, and the side ones of 24 feet each. These are separated by rows of five arcades of cast iron, supported by ornamental iron columns. The height of the centre roof is 48 feet from the pavement, and that of the others 32 feet. Under the centre of the building there is ample cellarage, extending the entire depth.

The arrangement, as well as the fittings of the Market-house are on an entirely novel principle, the intent being to equalise as much as possible the value of the stalls, by making them equally prominent. Two large entrances and avenues extend the entire depth, from each end of the building, and the passages and rows of stalls instead of being parallel to them, extend right and left from it. The best markets in the country have been examined to ensure completeness of plan in the present building.



NEW MARKET-HOUSE, AT WEYMOUTH.

The elevation of the principal front in St. Mary's-street is of the Italian style of architecture; and although a design of more than usual pretension has been adopted, still it is essentially a market-house in every feature and under every aspect. It is admitted that market-houses should be erected in the great thoroughfares; so should they be of proportionate importance and significance, and be an ornamental feature. The general Market-house and the Fish-market were erected from the designs of Mr. Talbot Bury, of Welbeck-street, London, who has been generally employed on the improvements of the town. The Market-house was executed by the Messrs. Goodyear, and the Fish-market by Mr. Hart.

The opening of both markets took place on Thursday morning, the 18th inst., when the stalls were taken possession of, and the public attended in very large numbers; but no inconvenience was experienced either by purchasers or sellers; and no doubt exists but that this market will be a great benefit. The Mayor and the members of the Town Council were present.

## IRON LIGHTHOUSE.

THE application of iron to the construction of lighthouses is yearly on the increase; and few of the instances can compete with the new Lighthouse which is now in course of execution by Messrs. Grissell, at the Regent's Canal Ironworks, by order of the Admiralty, from the designs prepared at the office of the Directors of Works. The Light is intended to be fixed on the Great Isaac Rocks, some hundred miles from Bermuda. The tower is 120 feet high from the base to the foot of the lantern, and 150 feet to the top of the lantern; it is 25 feet diameter at the base, and 14 feet diameter on the top; is composed of 155 large cast-iron plates, varying in weight from two tons to half a ton each plate. The plates are planed all round, and to a gauge, in a machine made by Messrs. Grissell for the purpose, which machine is ingeniously constructed that two plates can be planed at the same time; and, with ordinary care, no error can take place, and the plate is sure to fit its required place in the



THE LIVERPOOL AND AUSTRALIAN STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW STEAM-CLIPPER "ROYAL CHARTER."

building. The plates in the course of erection are securely bolted together, and horizontally the joints are what is technically termed "broken," so that, when the tower is completed, it does not depend altogether upon its bolting for security; but the plates are so wedged into one another that they support each other, and form a perfect column equal in strength in all its parts.

In the interior of the tower are six iron floors, supported by girders resting on the flanges of the plates, and also upon flanges cast upon a column which is fixed in the centre of the tower. These floors are reached by wrought-iron staircases with oak treads. On the top of the tower is the lantern-floor, round which is an iron balcony projecting 4 feet 6 inches all round the top, supported upon iron brackets, and protected by an iron railing, which gives the tower a finish as a sort of cap to the column. The tower is entered by an exterior staircase of iron and oak to a door 24 feet above the base. There are upwards of 6000 bolts used in the tower. It is proposed to fill the interior of the Lighthouse with concrete and masonry up to the door, which, with its fixings to the rock, will make the erection permanent. The whole of the tower is manufactured by the Messrs. Grissell, at the Regent's Canal Iron Works. The light will be placed upon the top of this tower at Messrs. Grissell's, by Mr. Wilkins, of Long acre.

The following are the details of the lantern and light apparatus:

Lantern—diameter, 14 feet; height from the floor to the top of vane, about 24 feet. The lantern is a polygon of sixteen sides, 10 feet high, constructed of gun-metal frames, glazed with very thick plate glass 10 feet high, with copper roof.

The light is upon the catoptric principle, revolving, and consists of twenty-one Argand lamps and silver-plated reflectors, 21 inches diameter, and 9 inches deep, mounted upon a triangular frame of three faces, with seven lamps and reflectors on each face. They are revolved by a clock-work machine worked by a weight down the centre of the tower.

#### LIVERPOOL AND AUSTRALIAN NAVIGATION COMPANY'S CLIPPER-SHIP "ROYAL CHARTER."

On the 17th of January next the *Royal Charter* will leave Liverpool for Melbourne, and the principle of a clipper-ship with auxiliary steam power will now, for the first time, be fairly tried. The Liverpool and Australian Navigation Company—having arrived at the clear conviction that it is in vain to hope that steamers relying entirely upon their engines, or sailing-vessels trusting only to their sails, can make the passage with regularity and dispatch—have determined on combining the two motive powers, and giving their vessels the benefit of both.

The advantage of this is obvious. The mere steamer is either compelled to carry coal sufficient for the whole voyage, and thus lose much valuable space—or it necessitates the establishment of coaling stations, and thereby loses still more valuable time, and increases vastly the expense.

The *Royal Charter* has been designed and built by Mr. Patterson, the builder of the *Great Britain*, and in the construction and equipment of the vessel is carried out every discovery to the advancement of navigation, so also every improvement has been taken advantage of in the model to combine speed with ease in a heavy sea. In her are unit in an eminent degree the important desiderata of speed, accommodation, and economy as regards the conveyance of passengers, and ample stowage for cargo. She is 335 feet in length over all, 41 feet 6 inches beam, 26 feet 6 inches in depth of hold, 2720 tons burthen, spreads 15,000 square feet of canvas; and has a pair of trunk engines, direct acting, of 200 horses, nominal power, constructed by the Messrs. Penn, of Greenwich, for working an auxiliary screw, so arranged that, when not wanted, it can be completely lifted out of the water, and even (if necessary) placed on deck. The accommodations of the *Royal Charter* are excellent. The chief saloon is divided by passages (running on either side) from the first-class state cabins—an arrangement most conducive to the comfort of the passengers. This saloon, which is 100 feet long, is beautifully fitted up; and the ladies' cabin, with its large poop-windows and elegant furniture, has been most carefully adapted for its purpose. There are two large bath-rooms for the accommodation of the after-saloon passengers, as well as one three times the size, for the use of the 'tween-deck passengers.

The main-deck below is arranged for the second and third class passengers: the berths are very light and well ventilated; and three good mess-rooms will prevent the usual disagreeable arrangement of tables passing through the sleeping-places of passengers.

The *Royal Charter*, independently of her steam-power, is a full-rigged ship, and is the first English vessel which has adopted the American plan of double topsails on each mast. This rig gives the ship a most formidable appearance, by having on each mast five yards. The difference between this and the ordinary rig consists in the lower topsail-yard being secured to the cap of the topmast by a truss; and, in the absence of slings, the yard is supported in the centre from below by a crane, stepped upon the heel of the foremast. Thus, the lower topsail is the size of a close-reefed topsail of the old rig, and sets entirely by the sheets. By this arrangement the ship can be reduced to close-reefed topsails at any time by lowering the upper topsails.

In her trial trials she has averaged a speed of nine knots per hour with her propeller; and under canvas alone, with a light N.E. wind, made fourteen knots per hour. It is calculated that fully eighteen knots may yet be effected.

We may add that the *Royal Charter* is to be well armed. She is to have eight guns—four 18-pounders, and four 24-pounders; besides a large swivel-gun in the forecastle, and a good number of Minié rifles for the saloon. She has seven water-tight compartments, and tanks to contain 64,000 gallons of water. The coal to be used on board is anthracite, from which there will be no smoke; and 22 tons in the 24 hours, to produce a speed of nine knots with 76 revolutions, is the estimated consumption. Reducing the quantity to nine tons, a speed of six knots and fifty revolutions could be had.

The *Royal Charter* has been built expressly for Messrs. Gibbs, Bright, and Co., of Liverpool; and is commanded by Captain Boyce, late of the clipper-ship *Eagle*.

"NELSON" MEMORIAL.—Pontefract is about to be honoured by the possession of a valuable memorial of our great naval hero, Nelson. Mr. Carew, the eminent sculptor, has just presented to Mr. Oliveira, M.P., as a mark of friendship, to be devoted to some public purpose at the discretion of its recipient, the original model of the "Death of Nelson" which forms one of the panels in the base of the Nelson column in Trafalgar-square, London. The model is about fourteen feet square, and has been offered by Mr. Oliveira to the Corporation of Pontefract, to be preserved as an historical memento in the town-hall.—*Leeds Mercury*.

THE KING OF SARDINIA HAS SENT TO MESSRS. STAPLES, OF THE ALBION HOTEL, THROUGH THE MARQUIS D'AZEGLIO, A LETTER EXPRESSING HIS MAJESTY'S SATISFACTION WITH THE ARRANGEMENTS CONNECTED WITH THEIR DEPARTMENT ON THE OCCASION OF HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE CITY OF LONDON ON THE 6TH INST., ACCOMPANIED BY A VALUABLE GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN, WHICH THE KING PRESENTS TO THEM AS A MEMORIAL OF THAT EVENT. THE COMMITTEE OF THE CORPORATION FOR CONDUCTING THE ARRANGEMENTS HAVE PASSED A UNANIMOUS VOTE OF THANKS TO MESSRS. STAPLES FOR THE VERY SATISFACTORY MANNER IN WHICH THEY FURNISHED THE ENTERTAINMENT AT GUILDFORD ON THE 6TH INST., AND EXPRESSING THE ENTIRE APPROVAL OF THE CORPORATION FOR THEIR SERVICES.

NEW LONDON CHURCHES.—The London Diocesan Church Building Society have opened a fund for the erection of several new churches in and about the metropolis, and upwards of £50,000 have already been subscribed. Towards this fund the land revenues of the Crown in London have contributed £10,000; the Duke of Bedford, £10,000; the Marquis of Westminister, £10,000; the Bishop of London, £5000; Earl Howe, £1000; Lord Southampton, £1000; Lord R. Grosvenor, M.P., £1000; Lord Cadogan, £500. Mr. J. G. Hubbard, late Governor of the Bank of England, has undertaken to erect a new church, and to provide an endowment; and Mr. W. Cotton, another ex-Governor of the Bank, has undertaken to erect a new church at Limehouse, and to provide an endowment.

THE NEW BELLS OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.—After a silence of twenty-five years, these bells rang a merry peal on Monday (Christmas-eve) evening, and the life and jay which they imparted were universal. The third and sixth bells upon which the old clock struck the quarters were broken by the continued blows upon two sides (one on side by the clapper, and the other by the hammers), and these have been recast. The hanging of the peal of bells has been rearranged and the framework strengthened, as the walls of the tower were much reduced in olden times to admit the bells. This has now been corrected. The peal, as of yore, now consists of ten, the largest one being used only for the clock and funerals.

M. Seebach, the Saxon Ambassador in Paris, and son-in-law of Count de Nesselrode, had audience of the French Emperor on Saturday, at two o'clock. He arrived at Dresden on Sunday, and it is said that he will proceed to St. Petersburg, to communicate to the Czar the result of his interview with Napoleon III.

The late Samuel Rogers has bequeathed to the nation three well-known paintings from his collection—the Titan, "Noli me Tangere"; the Giorgione, a small picture of a "Knight in Armour"; and the Guido, "Head of Christ Crowned with Thorns."

The question relative to the Kustendji canal was settled on the 29th of November. The grant was made to Mr. Wilson, M. de Morin, Count Breda, a Turkish subject.

#### THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

THE great question of the Currency is likely to occupy public attention until the meeting of Parliament, when the renewal of the Bank Charter is to be discussed, and to participate with the War in the honour of being uppermost in the great Anglo-Saxon mind. It is said that, as a nation, we can think but of one thing at a time; but War and the Currency are two questions so intimately connected the one with the other that it is difficult to disperse them, especially when the war, as in the present instance, is a great one, that operates more or less sensibly upon all the ordinary transactions of commerce. Our own views upon the subject are before the world. For the present, we open our columns to the following communication which may help to ripen public opinion upon the subject.

#### THE BANK CHARTER.—No. I.

PAPER PROVED TO BE THE BEST CURRENCY, BECAUSE IT IS LESS LIABLE TO FLUCTUATION IN VALUE, NOT BEING AN ARTICLE OF COMMERCE.

Scene in Railway. LORD OVERSTONE and EX-M.P.

Ex-M.P.: It is many years, my Lord, since we met, and as it appears we are likely to be alone, suppose we enter into a discussion upon the Currency Question.

Lord Overstone: Why, I really thought there had been very little to discuss, and that all intelligent persons were pretty well agreed upon that subject.

Ex-M.P.: Such, no doubt, is the opinion of yourself and your class, who derive such enormous pecuniary advantages from the present system; but inasmuch as those advantages can only arise from the misery and ruin of thousands of industrious persons, your Lordship can hardly be surprised that men of that class should be dissatisfied with the result. It is the old story of the cels, who do not see the merits of the operation of being skinned.

Lord Overstone: You surely are not commencing the discussion in a very logical mode by attributing to your opponents so dishonourable a motive as that they are careless of the misery of their fellow-creatures, because such misery may have the effect of making the rich more wealthy.

Ex-M.P.: For "may have the effect," I read, "must have the effect;" and I am so persuaded of your Lordship's candour as to leave it to yourself to say whether the years of commercial distress are not always those in which the profits of your Bank have been the largest.

Lord Overstone: Whether the fact be so or not, I do not see what bearing it can possibly have upon the Currency Question.

Ex-M.P.: Certainly not, except it can be shown to demonstration that, as surely as the same causes produce similar effects, so the closest reasoning will prove that commercial distress is enormously increased and purposely widened by our system of Currency rendering it incumbent upon the Bank of England to interfere with the natural operation of supply and demand in relation to that in which our Currency consists—namely, gold and paper.

Lord Overstone: Whether you are right or wrong, at present you must know that your statements are mere assertion, unsupported by any argument, and that it is quite sufficient for me to say, I do not believe your statements are correct.

Ex-M.P.: Granted; but I purposely began the discussion in this manner, in order to anticipate the general practice of those whom, for the sake of distinction, we will call "The Bullionists," who, as soon as they hear the word "Currency," immediately exclaim,—"Oh! are you for a little shilling?" "What are you a rag man?"—and similar slang, with which your Lordship's ears and eyes must be pretty well acquainted. This is the way those who think with you on this subject treat those who sincerely believe that our present Currency system is alike vicious in principle and in practice, and that it was forced upon an ignorant Parliament by those who well knew it must in its operation contribute largely to their profit and advantage, at the expense of their fellow-subjects.

Lord Overstone: How is it possible that any question can be rationally discussed when parties who differ impugn each other's motives?

Ex-M.P.: Certainly impossible; but we can agree to a truce as to motives. If your Lordship will not allude to the "little shilling," &c., which you say must arise if the present system of Currency be altered, I will also undertake not to allude to those motives of personal profit which I say was the cause of the adoption of the present system.

Lord Overstone: Agreed.

Ex-M.P.: It has always appeared to me that the best mode of arriving at the truth on every subject is the Socratic mode; and therefore I ask your Lordship what, in your judgment, ought to be the first and most essential principle in a sound system of currency?

Lord Overstone: Surely no two men can differ as to the answer. The first and most essential principle is, that the article, whatever it should be, should be less liable to fluctuation in value than any other; indeed this, as you know, is our reason for selecting gold. You cannot object to my answer?

Ex-M.P.: Certainly not; and I apprehend there will be as little difficulty in our agreeing to the answer which should be given to my second question, of supply and demand more subject to fluctuation in amount than articles which are not of a commercial quality?

Lord Overstone: Assuredly, if you can find any article which has not a commercial quality, that must be less subject to fluctuation than one which is sought for by the surrounding nations.

Ex-M.P.: I expect, from your Lordship's candour, that you will admit bank-notes are not articles of a commercial quality to the surrounding nations, unless you make them so by compelling the Bank to exchange them for gold; and therefore, bank-notes not convertible into gold would, in accordance with the principle which your Lordship admits to be correct, be a better system of currency than gold, as less liable to fluctuation in value, unless your Lordship can show some disturbing element which would or might render the amount uncertain.

Lord Overstone: And can you for one moment doubt that such disturbing element exists in the cupidity of the ruling power in every nation in the world to increase the amount, and therefore to lessen the value?

Ex-M.P.: I do not for one moment doubt that such element exists in its utmost intensity in all despoticisms, whether of the one or of the many; but I firmly deny that it would or could exist in this country, or that it would be possible for our rulers to vary the amount of currency, except by fraud or forgery—to which the present system is equally liable.

Lord Overstone: Surely if Queen, Lords, and Commons fixed the amount of notes in 1856 at 50,000,000, they might, if they thought it would be beneficial to the country, increase that amount to 100,000,000 in 1857.

Ex-M.P.: So, having now fixed the sovereign to be of the weight of 5 dwts. 3 grs., they might to-morrow pass a law fixing it at only 3 or 4 dwts. I understand, by ruling power, your Lordship meant the Minister of the day without the sanction of Parliament.

Lord Overstone: No—that could be easily guarded against. I meant Queen, Lords, and Commons, with the assent of the people, who, seeing that their condition was improved by a paper currency not convertible into gold, of fifty millions, might fancy that such improvement would be increased by doubling its amount.

Ex-M.P.: Your Lordship is factious. There are some things beyond the omnipotence of Parliament, and it appears to me that it would be just as wise, and just as practicable, for her Most Gracious Majesty and Parliament to issue a paper currency beyond the wants of the nation, as it would be to pass a law declaring that, after the year 1856, it would be useful, and it should be enacted that water should run up a hill. How would your Lordship suggest that this redundant currency, after it had been created, should be issued?

Lord Overstone: How? Why, in the most natural manner imaginable. What difficulty could there be? Government would lend money at low rates of interest, discount bills at one or two per cent. (and here a cold shudder over his Lordship's frame was very visible), and encourage the wildest schemes and most unprincipled adventurers.

Ex-M.P.: Surely your Lordship is merely describing that which we know has repeatedly happened under the present system of currency; and you are so wedded to that system that you fancy its absurdities are to be imported into a more rational plan. What has Government to do with discounting bills, or lending money to unprincipled adventurers, or to enterprise men of wealth and talent? Those are not the functions of a national bank, which is merely to receive the revenue and pay the dividends, expenses, and public servants. Confining the operations of a Government bank to these objects, how can this redundant issue of one hundred or two hundred millions, after it has been created, get out of the coffers of the Government bank into the hands of the public?

Lord Overstone: I certainly cannot answer the question at present; but you cannot doubt the fact that other countries have, on several occasions, not only created, but issued such an amount of paper money that it has become without value; and an assignat of the value of £100 would hardly purchase a loaf of bread.

Ex-M.P.: The distinction is so obvious that it can be hardly neces-

sary to state it. A despotic State, whether monarchical or republican, may pay its army and its navy, and their supplies, with paper money to an unlimited amount, and decree death to those who refuse to take such notes at their full value. The prodigal Monarch may throw his millions of paper money into the lap of his courtesans, or lavish them on his favourites. In such cases there is no difficulty in issuing a redundant paper currency, and in depreciating it to such an extent that even the courtesan and favourite decline to receive any more; but, long before such a state of things can exist in this country, it would not be worth living in.

Lord Overstone: Your argument would go to this extent: that it is of no importance whether the State should decree the creation of 50,000,000 or of 100,000,000, since no more could be issued than the public required.

Ex-M.P.: Exactly so;—try it by figures. Suppose 50,000,000 of Government notes to be created, and 30,000,000 to have been paid to A, B, &c., for dividends, expenses, and salaries, and that a portion of the taxes, to the amount of £10,000,000, has been paid into the Bank in the Government paper, and another £10,000,000 in gold and silver, and that X, Y, Z, &c., want to be paid £10,000,000 for dividends, &c.,—will your Lordship suggest what possible object the Government of the day, supposing there was no war, could have in storing up the gold and issuing the paper?

Lord Overstone: Certainly there could be none; on the contrary, the gold and silver would be first paid to save the trouble of registering the notes. But you have omitted one most important feature—what standard of value would you have?

Ex-M.P.: Iardon me, I have not omitted it; we have not come to it. The standard of value has nothing whatever to do with the currency which is in use, except as a symbol of value to which the nation has agreed, to prevent the necessity of barter. If I have a quarter of wheat to dispose of, and want a piece of furniture, and there was no standard of value, it would be necessary for the upholsterer and myself to enter into a long discussion as to the terms on which the barter or exchange of our respective commodities could be arranged; but, with a standard of value, I sell my wheat to one who knows its worth in relation to such standard: whether he pays me in gold, or silver, or by bank-notes, or bill of exchange, is not of the slightest importance, either to myself or any one else, provided the upholsterer will take that which I receive for the article I require, according to the same standard of value, and thus of every daily transaction between every one, from Rothschild dealing in millions to the schoolboy laying out his penny.

Lord Overstone: But you have not answered my question. What standard of value would you consider the best?

Ex-M.P.: I am content with gold, although fully aware of the objections which are brought forward against it, but have never been able to see my way clearly to the other standards which have been proposed, such as wheat, labour, &c.

Lord Overstone: But if your standard be in gold, your Government notes must also be payable in gold. I should like to see the note you would propose as the future currency of the country.

Ex-M.P.: Here it is, and I shall really feel obliged to you to improve it.

STATE PAPER.

(Date)

The Bearer is entitled to pay this note on account of all rates and taxes, or to discharge any debt or liability to any subject of these realms, at and after the rate of 5 dwts. 3 grs. of gold.

ONE POUND.

(Signature.)

This would be the future Pound Note; larger notes of course of larger weights.

Lord Overstone: At any rate your note is truthful; it does not promise to do that which events may render it impossible to do; with such a note there could be no fear of national bankruptcy, or a violation of the existing law. But do you really expect that such a note, not convertible into gold, would not be depreciated?

Ex-M.P.: I hold that depreciation of such a note would in this country be physically, and morally, and practically impossible. The word "convertibility" is only another instance of the abuse of terms.

## MONETARY TRANSACTIONS OF THE WEEK.

(From our City Correspondent.)

COMPARED with some previous weeks an increased amount of money-business has been transacted in most national stocks, and prices, though fluctuating, have shown a tendency to advance. At the present time the supply of stock in the hands of the leading jobbers is small; but it is likely to increase, as we understand that the Bank broker acting on behalf of the Government will be a seller for some time, in order to meet the dividend payments.

Rather large quantities of paper have been presented at the Bank for discount, and a portion of it leads us to conclude that some further large sums will shortly be withdrawn from London to meet the new Russian loan, on account of which about £400,000 has been taken away within the last ten days. That a large portion of the £8,000,000 has been subscribed for at Berlin, Amsterdam, and Hamburg is confirmed by recent advices. Money will, therefore, of necessity be dear in our market for a considerable period. The supply continues small, and the lowest rate for first-class sixty days paper is 5 per cent.

From a return just issued it appears that the shipments of bullion this year to the East have been £948,272 in gold, and £409,889 in silver. In the last five years the value of gold shipped to the East was £4,826,792; of silver, £18,598,865.

Attention has been drawn to the fact that £2,500,000 of the Turkish Loan is still in the Bank of England; and it has been inferred that the whole of that amount has yet to be transmitted to Turkey in gold. We may observe, however, that that amount has been retained for the special purposes of purchasing arms, ammunition, and steamers for the use of the Ottoman Government, and that the whole of it will be laid out in this country.

There was a steady market for Consols on Monday, and prices were on the advance. The Three per Cents Reduced, marked 88½ f.; the New Three per Cent, 89½ f.; and Consols for Account, 88½ f. Tuesday was observed as a close holiday in the Exchange. On Wednesday the Funds were rather heavy. The Three per Cent ruled from 88½ f. ex dividend down to 83½ f. Bank Stock was 205½ to 207. Reduced Threes, 83½ f.; and the New Three per Cents, 88½ f. Exchequer Bills and India Bonds, 7s. to 4s. due; Exchequer Bonds, 97½ f. The Market, on Thursday, was rather flat. The Reduced were done at 85½; Consols, 88½ f. ex. div.; and the New Three per Cent, 89½. Long Annunia, 1885, 16½. India Bonds, 3s. to 7s. due.

The imports of Bullion have been 500,000 dollars from New York, about £3000 from Portugal, and £20,000 from Australia.

The last return of the assets and liabilities of the Bank of England shows the introduction into the balance-sheet of the new issue of notes to the extent of £475,000. This issue has been made by an order in Council to fill up the void created in the circulation of country notes by the failure of provincial banking houses.

The average weekly note circulation of the private and joint-stock banks in England and Wales during the month ending on the 24th ult. was £7,102,413—being a decrease, compared with the previous month, of £131,042. Compared with the same period last year, there is an increase of £21,352. These banks are now below their fixed issues £84,448.

The dealings in nearly all Foreign Bonds have been limited, but without leading to any material change in the quotations. Chilian Six per Cents have realised 102½; Mexican Three per Cent, 19½; Russian Four-and-a-Half per Cent, 88½; Spanish New Deferred, 21½; Ditto, Passive, 7½; Turkish Six per Cent, 83½; Ditto, New Script, 3½; Dutch Four per Cent, 94; Peruvian Four-and-a-Half per Cent, 75½; Sardinian Five per Cent, 83½ ex. div.

Joint-Stock Bank Shares have been tolerably firm. Australasia have marked 90½; Bank of London, 58; British North American, 63; City, 66; London Chartered of Australia, 16½; London Joint-Stock, 34½; New South Wales, 52; G. Bartley, R. J. Eager, to have their Brevet Rank converted into Substantive Rank.

STAFF.—Major-General Sir R. Airy, K.C.B., to be Quartermaster-General to the Forces; Col. the Hon. P. E. Herbert to be Quartermaster-General to the Forces serving in Turkey and the Crimea.

HOSPITAL STAFF.—Staff Surgeon of the First Class T. G. Logan, M.D., to be Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals; Surgeon J. Bent to be Staff Surgeon of the First Class; Assist.-Surgeon T. Parko to be Staff Surgeon of the Second Class; Assist.-Surgeon A. H. Lynch to be Assistant Surgeon; Acting-Assist.-Surgeon W. Morris to be Surgeon.

BREVET.—Capt. and Brevet Lieut.-Col. J. R. Heyland to have the Substantive Rank of Major; Brevet-Majors H. G. Woods, G. C. Bartley, R. J. Eager, to have their Brevet Rank converted into Substantive Rank.

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PROVISIONAL DEPOT BATTALION.—Quartermaster J. Nowlan to be Paymaster.

UNATTACHED.—Capt. and Brevet Lieut.-Col. J. R. Heyland to have the Substantive Rank of Major; Captains A. Catcart, A. Murray, R. J. Garden, A. W. Williams to have the local rank of Major in Turkey; Quartermasters J. Haviland, D. Bilham, R. Shean, D. Sinclair, to have the honorary rank of Captain.

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THE LATE MR. ROGERS IN MIDDLE LIFE.—FROM A PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, R.A.

## DEATH OF MR. ROGERS.

[We quote the following from the *Inverness Courier*. It is from the practised pen of Mr. Carruthers, who long enjoyed the friendship of the distinguished poet and patron of artists and men of letters.]

It is not our intention to speak of the poetry of Mr. Rogers. In noticing it some time since we characterised it generally as presenting a classic and graceful beauty; with no slovenly or obscure lines; with fine cabinet pictures of soft and mellow lustre, and occasionally with trains of thought and association that awaken or recall tender and heroic feelings. Now that personal interest in a living poet is withdrawn, and kindness and respect towards him are of no avail, it may be questioned whether Rogers's poetry will maintain any prominent place in our literature. He will always be esteemed one of the purest disciples of the old classic school of Pope and Dryden—and to turn to him from the mystic ravings, tortures,

and Red Indian chants of some modern poets, is like emerging from the wards of an hospital to fresh air and sunshine; but he wants vital interest, passion, and strength, for universal popularity. He had not what Gray terms the "golden keys" that can unlock the gates of joy or horror, or open the "sacred source of sympathetic tears."

It is as a man of taste and letters, as a patron of artists and authors, and as the friend of almost every illustrious man that has graced our annals for the last half-century and more, that Mr. Rogers has of late years challenged public attention. He was a link between the days of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, and the present time. He had rambled over St. Anne's hill with Fox and Grattan. Sheridan addressed to him the last letter he ever wrote, begging for pecuniary assistance, that the blanket on which he was dying might not be torn from his bed by bailiffs; and Rogers answered the call with a remittance of £200. No man had so many books dedicated to him. Byron inscribed to him his "Giaour," in token of "admiration of his genius, respect for his character, and gratitude for his friendship." Moore was no less laudatory, and Moore owed substantial favours to the old poet. By his mediation his quarrel with Byron was adjusted, and when Moore fell into difficulties the liberal hand of Rogers was opened. His benefactions in this way were almost of daily occurrence. "There is a happy and enviable poet!" said Thomas Campbell one day on leaving Rogers's house; "he has some four or five thousand pounds a year, and he gives away fifteen hundred in charity." And next to relieving the distress of authors and others, it was the delight of Mr. Rogers to reconcile differences and bring together men who might otherwise never meet. At his celebrated breakfast parties persons of almost all classes and pursuits were found. He made the morning meal famous as a literary rallying point; and during the London season there was scarcely a day in which from four to six persons were not assembled at the hospitable board in St. James's-place. There discussion as to books or pictures, anecdotes of the great of old, some racy saying of Sheridan, Erskine, or Horne Tooke, some apt quotation or fine passage read aloud, some incident of foreign travel recounted—all flowed on without restraint, and charmed the hours till mid-day. Byron has described the scene of these meetings:—

Rogers is silent, and it is said, severe. When he does talk he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house, his drawing-room, his library, you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimneypiece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh, the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!—

Byron's sensitiveness coloured all he saw with his own feeling. There was none of this misery resulting from Rogers's taste. He enjoyed life—had money, fame, honour, love, and troops of friends. His recipe for long life was "temperance, the bath and flesh-brush, and don't fret." But his house was really a magazine of marvels—the saloon of the Muses!—and its opening view on the garden and lawn of the Green-park in itself a picture. Paintings by Titian, Guido, Rubens, Claude, Raphael, and English artists, covered the walls. Every school, Italian and Spanish, had its representative, and not the least prized were the native landscapes of Wilson and Gainsborough, and the "Strawberry Girl" and "Puck" of Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the hall were Greek sculptures, busts, and vases, with endless articles of virtu. The library had its rare and choice editions—a drawing by Raphael, an original bust of Pope by Roubiliac, antique gems and cameos, and many precious manuscripts. Two of these he lately presented to the British Museum—



THE LATE MR. ROGERS, AGED 92.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. PAINÉ.

Milton's agreement with his bookseller for the copyright of "Paradise Lost" (for which he gave a hundred guineas), and Dryden's contract with his publisher, Jacob Tonson. The whole arrangement of these rooms bespoke consummate taste and carelessness of cost. The chimneypiece of the drawing-room was of Carrara marble, sculptured with bas-reliefs and miniature statues by Flaxman, and the panels of a small library displayed the "Seven Ages of Man" painted by Stothard. To comprehend how so much was done by one less than a noble, we must recollect Rogers's *bank*, his exquisite taste, and his long life. He had written Journals of Conversations with Fox, Erskine, Horne Tooke, and the Duke of Wellington (some of which we have seen), and these can scarcely fail to be both interesting and valuable.

The severity of remark alluded to by Byron as characteristic of his friend, was displayed in a certain quaint shrewdness and sarcasm with which his conversation abounded, though rarely taking an offensive form. He could pay compliments as pointed as his sarcasm. Moore has recorded the pleasure he derived from one of Rogers's remarks—"What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose on your lips and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed." These and many other sayings, pleasant and severe, will now be remembered. But higher associations, even apart from his genius, will be associated with the name of Samuel Rogers. His generosity and taste—his readiness to oblige and serve, or to encourage and reward the humblest labourer in the literary vineyard—his devotion to all intellectual and liberal pursuits—the jealousy with which he guarded the dignity and rights of literature—the example



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MR. ROGERS, 22, ST. JAMES'S-PLACE PARK FRONT.



THE POET'S SEAT, IN THE GARDENS OF HOLLAND HOUSE.

of a straight path and spotless life extended to more than ninety-two years;—these are honours and distinctions which will "gather round his tomb," and outlast his monument.

We have engraved two Portraits of the poet—one by Sir. Thomas Lawrence, painted many years since; and the other from a photograph taken last year by Mr. Paine, his attendant. The Park front of Mr. Rogers's house, in Park-place, is the subject of the third illustration; and lastly is the arbour in the north garden-wall of Holland House, a favourite retreat of the poet, in his frequent visits to this resort of wits, painters, poets, scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. Within the arbour is inscribed this distich, by the late Lord Holland:—

Here ROGERS sat—and here for ever dwell  
With me those "Pleasures" which he sang so well.—VII. HD.

Beneath are some lines, added in 1818, by Henry Luttrell.  
A biographical memoir of Mr. Rogers will be found in another page of the present Number.

## THE SARDINIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Transcribed for the Pianoforte by FRANK MORI.

*Allegro Pomposo.*

*f*                      *rall. molto*              *a tempo*

*un poco più moto.*

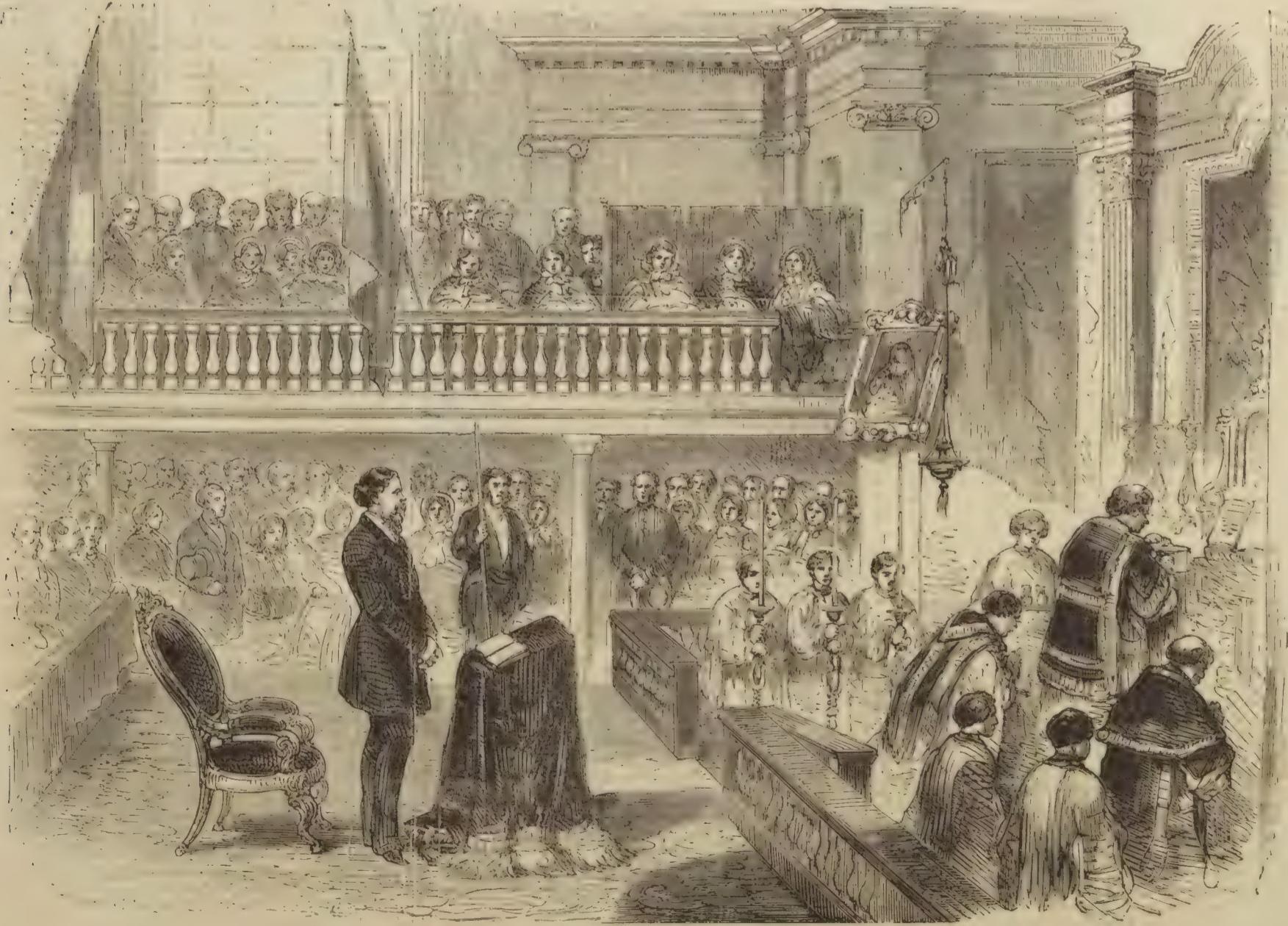
*p*                      *f*                      *p cres.*

*allarzando.*

*f*                      *rall. molto*

*a tempo*              *Da Capo al §*

Sheet music for "The Sardinian National Hymn" in four staves. The first staff starts with a forte dynamic (f). The second staff begins with a piano dynamic (p) followed by a crescendo (cres.). The third staff starts with a dynamic of allarzando. The fourth staff ends with a da capo instruction (Da Capo al §).



THE KING OF SARDINIA AT THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL, DUKE STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.—(SEE PAGE 774).

## PICTURE OF AN INTERIOR.—REAL STATE OF RUSSIA AT PRESENT.

The heavy veil which a jealous Government hangs between the internal condition of Russia and the gaze of her enemies, or the curiosity of indifferent spectators, is occasionally blown aside—occasionally lifted, for a moment, by the blast of war and the fierce commotion of the times. Strange signs are then revealed. They speak for themselves at first; but they are presently forgotten by the careless observer, and his name is legion. This is the chief aid which the great imposture of Russian power can find towards playing out its desperate game; and therefore it will not be time lost to glance at a few—either unknown, or unremembered, or insufficiently examined—particulars, possessing real interest, though presenting of themselves to a great many minds nothing so salient as to arrest the attention which they in truth deserved from the outset. In many respects Russian power has been undervalued, after having been over-estimated in still more numerous instances. We all knew that the Czar, in modern times, was the very soul of the ever-continued struggle to make special over-ride general interests; but it was a common hope that the continent of Europe, now inspired by a more enlightened and liberal spirit than formerly, would not, and could not, offer a chance of success to the autocratic principle of a comparatively new and barbarous State, barely emerging from the traditions of Asia; we need not recapitulate, in a catalogue, the too favourable impressions which, in the west, so long prevailed about continental Europe. Look at Prussia. Why, there is less reason to be dissatisfied and disappointed with Austria itself than with that State which, more than all others, excited the hopes of this land—or, at least, the hopes of our more advanced and sanguine politicians. Look at Sardinia again. Those in whom we most trusted have failed us in the hour of the great opportunity, the hour of the splendid trial. Those on whom we built no such calculations, have, on the contrary, adopted a magnificent and truly generous share in the great cause now pending. Does not all this (and more that we need not particularise) show some errors in our estimate of Russian influence, both as to its degree and as to its direction? May we not make similar miscalculations about the Czar's position at home, among his own subjects? Much more easily; for we have had much fewer means of judging in this last respect. Let us, then, look at some indications of the facts.

On the great patent feature we need not pause long; the Czar's empire is the sway at once of silent obedience and of ecstatic error. The character of his people is such as to make it this, or to end it. The moment it slips down a single point from this demented rapture of homage on the one side and of supposed sacredness on the other, it falls altogether. But, when we come to practical details, we find hasty conclusions everywhere. For instance, it was at first said we should contend with Russia's worst troops in the onset, but should meet her best in the end, according to the custom of Asiatic nations. We admit the custom; but it was forgotten that she had partly abandoned the principle of her own original vigour. We have already met her best troops; and they now exist not. General Bosquet declared at Lyons that there was a Russian army no longer. There is, no doubt, an insignificant exception in the case of the St. Petersburg Guards—an exception insignificant, when the extent of territory to be protected at all its extremities is borne in mind. They are a "spoilt corps;" but the Empire is no longer in "spoilt" times.

A similar hastiness was shown in judging of the financial effects which would accrue in Russia. Owing to the policy of the King of Prussia—that Prince who began by turning a promising people into a brother-in-law, and now turns them into an uncle (for such is his history, and such will be his epitaph)—owing, we say, to this man's policy, the external trade of Russia, which should have ceased, is only curtailed. But, had it altogether ceased—had even this, we say, happened—would an immediate paralysis have occurred internally? Certainly, the wound would have been grievous—might have been mortal; but mortal wounds, though they cause death, do not always cause it at once. For example, the first effect of the non-exportation of corn is so to glut the south of Russia with bread that the soldier not only has it everywhere for less, but has it here and there for nothing, to save the downright waste of the article. Doubtless, this cannot last. Still, a despot in a war is like a great gentleman at an election; he can find the money, he can fight the poll to the last, even though he have an execution in his house next day.

Again, there are the numerous conscriptions of Russia. It was confidently impressed on us that these would cause a revolution. But are the peasants so happy under the Boyards as to go mad because they are dragooned and speared out of the estates? No; they are spurred, but not wholly on account of their own reluctance; it is because the Boyards prevent enlistment, wherever they dare.

But the real wounds are sufficiently deep. Russia can no longer show the wonted deliberateness and regularity of its warlike system, the boasted cheerfulness of its hierarchical discipline, the ancient alacrity of its fanatic people. The parade of military exactitude, the glitter of arms, the "purist" drill, the imposing superfluity of zeal are all flung to the winds. The chiefs are less themselves than of old, and they exact less from those beneath them. In place of these various qualities we behold, in all who have authority, impatience verging upon hurry. In the masses last summoned to defend the double-headed eagle we moreover discern a certain recklessness of deportment confessed and manifest in the very orders of the day issued by their dispirited superiors. These levies, in fact, listen to unusual instructions. General Lüders, for instance, gives to what we must call the *next* Russian army in the Crimea admonitions which betray all the humility of misfortune. Yesterday the realm from which his recruits have been collected was intractably aspiring; yet now the awards of conflict have imposed a new tone, and there is evidence not only of a different estimate of their opponents, but of a "everish anxiety to save time,—time, which the late Czar expected to prove his great ally.

In the great functionaries, firmness is not so visible as a lowering and cheerless desperation; in the men, a despondent fidelity.

If we turn to another quarter, the appeals to Heaven with which the late Czar Nicholas entered upon this war—his solemn prayers in the Kazan church, when he chanted the "Non confundar," &c.—have, to a degree which he could scarcely have anticipated, excited his people to look to results for the expression of the will of Heaven; and, in short, for a response to their ruler's invocations. With three exceptions—the butchery at Sinope, the skirmish at Petropavlovski, and the reduction of Kars by famine—all has been disaster. The charge of Balaclava was a gratuitous proceeding, not extorted by Russian arms; and, while it conveyed to Prince Gortschakoff's and General Liprandi's mind an idea of the sudden insanity of a British brigade, carried dismay and boundless astonishment into the ranks of their army. They had never included such an attack among the possibilities of martial daring. As to Sinope, they themselves now attribute to it much of their misfortunes. Petropavlovski they know to have been only an escape, though a creditable escape; for their fleet would not tarry on the scene of its success, or rather preservation—the

forts were blown up, and the garrison was withdrawn. Everywhere else, failure, disgrace, ruin, and on the very largest scale. Add to this the sudden death of him who had been the author of the disastrous struggle, as if he were stricken down in answer to his impious prayer.

Alexander was reported to possess a mild and pacific character, and he took up his father's quarrel with more than his father's vehemence and animosity. It would not be unnatural if we ascribe the apparent anomaly to the working of some last injunctions on the filial disposition of a soft, feeble, and undiscerning person, who would, therefore, remain quite unamenable to reason and to enlightened counsels even in situations where the father himself, if alive, would reconsider his own bhests and retrace his own steps. But how painfully high-strung is the nervous system of the new Czar amid the crash of the tremendous ordeal to which he has committed his dynastic heritage and his great empire is shown by those irresistible fits of weeping to which he yields in the prime of manhood, and the pride of sway, before the observation of his subjects. He publicly enters Moscow, the ancient capital of his empire, and the place of his birth, to pray to the Omnipotent for suffering Russia: and as he is led by the Patriarch, the Bishops, the Archimandrites, and the clergy, under the gorgeous porch of the cathedral, he is bathed in tears, while all the people gaze in silent awe, until the solemn chant, broken with sobs, arises amid clouds of incense.

Again, at Nicolaieff—he visits the hospitals where the wounded from Sebastopol are lying. One soldier's face is covered; the Emperor removes the cloth, and beholds a man who has lost both eyes by a horrible wound. Once more, the Czar bursts into a passion of bitter weeping, and takes no thought of hiding his emotion. "These are heavy days of dreadful suffering for Russia," he had publicly written at Moscow.

The conviction is not confined to the Czar. In all bosoms a similar proneness to give way to paroxysms of the profoundest grief or the wildest excitement, is working. When Kinbouron (so they pronounce the name in Russia) had been surrendered, its Governor, Major-General Kokonovitch, turns back with streaming eyes, and apostrophises the fortress which he could not defend:—"O Kinbouron, Kinbouron, glory of Suwarroff, and my shame, I abandon you!" Meanwhile, at St. Petersburg, the anxious and alarmed population flock to the churches night and day, fluttering under that solemn shelter like birds which take cover when a hawk is in the air.

But the two most singular tokens of distress at the present moment, and of misgiving about the future, are still to be mentioned. In the order to which we have alluded, published by General Lüders to his mixed and heterogeneous forces, he enjoins the veterans not to scoff at the great mass of their new comrades for their awkward or unmilitary bearing; and directs, moreover, that these recruits shall be drilled and trained only for elementary movements—inasmuch as all might be spoiled if too much were attempted in their necessarily hurried education.

The last indication which we will specify is more suggestive, if rightly considered, than all the rest put together. The Czar publishes a ukase, dated Nicolaieff, assuring the boyards and nobility that their privileges shall be faithfully and sacredly observed. Does the Autocrat already feel it necessary to propitiate and appease that perilous class, before whose clandestine anger none of his predecessors ever felt himself at ease on his throne or safe in his palace?

But now we hear of his anxiety to make peace, on terms honourable, just, and the rest of it. And what are these terms;—while brigands are beginning to infest the roads, and, still more (for more of them exist), the forest tracks of his Eastern European provinces—what are these terms? That, among other things, the Black Sea should be a sort of domestic lake between him and Turkey. Why, who is less at home there now than the Czar? Austria will no longer countenance this claim.

No, no, we know more of "the Interior;" and our present faint sketch of a part will serve to deepen the true appreciation of it by the British public.

**OMER PACHA'S MARCH THROUGH MINGRELIA.**—We continued our march along a magnificent road; the bridges, however, were almost universally destroyed; and, notwithstanding the activity of the Turkish artillery horses, and the excellent way in which they are managed, there is occasionally some difficulty in getting the guns across the ravines and muddy streams with which the road is intersected. We frequently remarked tabias and abatis upon either side of the road wherever the Russians thought the position available for harassing an army, and it is not a little significant that they have not attempted to offer any opposition to our advance since the passing of the Dniester. It is a pleasant occupation after a short march to explore a country, particularly when the principal object is to collect provisions. With a gallop I sometimes gallop some miles away from the camp up narrow defiles, where the houses needle and thorn close by the side of some babbling stream, or over the level country, where there is no underwood to impede my rapid progress, and here and oak trees are only now beginning to display their yellow leaves. As we pass through a village we see children and girls larking in the sunshine, and passing the door of the largest house, considerably to the alarm of its inhabitants. The girl, however, is speedily dispelled by my companion, who tells them that I am a Christian, and will be delighted to prove it, by saving their breakfast at 7 o'clock A.M. After this a glass of wine too soon to have much taste in it, in their hands in proportion as I do my pocket, and tell me they are Russians and about Turks, but love English and French; in proof of which they give me a gun in return for three sixpences, and I return triumphantly to camp with my gun—the envy of the whole army—swinging from my shoulder.—*Letter from the Turkish Camp, Nov. 1.*

**THE AUSTRIANS IN THE PRINCIPALITIES.**—Ismail Pacha, General-in-Chief of the army of the Danube, has received orders from the Government to come to Constantinople. He has made some very bitter complaints of the conduct of the Austrians towards the Ottoman authorities in the Principalities. The summons of Ismail Pacha has been called for by a very serious fact, the authenticity of which I can guarantee. The Austrians established a battery of sixty guns at Giurgevo, a town the strategical importance of which is well known, it being opposite Rustchuk and in the neighbourhood of Silistra. It is not known with what object they did this, as they certainly are not in a conquered country. The matter requires explanation from the Austrian Cabinet. What the Porte will do is not known, but Ismail Pacha protested so energetically against what was being done that the Austrians have thought right to suspend their works.—*Letter from Pera, Dec. 10.*

**THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.**—"I have already sent you an account of the betrothal of the Grand Duke Nicholas. He was born on the 8th of August, 1831; and the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Peter of Oldenburg, to whom he is affianced, on the 12th of June, 1838. The trousseau of the future Grand Duchess is exhibited at the Oldenburg Palace, on the Neva Quay, and is visited by crowds. The Emperor has paid for it from his privy purse, owing to the comparatively small fortune of Prince Peter, and the number of children he has to establish. When princes and princesses of the Imperial house of Russia are affianced, it is the custom to place at their disposal a special residence, and to create for their service what is called a court—that is, to designate the principal officers and functionaries of their household. The usage, however, has not been fully followed in the case of the Grand Duke Nicholas, and this has given credit to the report which has been current for some time, that his Imperial Highness will soon be called to the throne of Poland, it being intended to depose the Grand Duke of Warsaw immediately after the death of Marshal Poniatowski. The Queen Dowager of the Netherlands, Anna Pavlova, aunt of the Emperor, has, since her arrival, been residing in the Palace of Andreevsk. I am told that she has succeeded in establishing a sort of harmony between Alexander II. and the Grand Duke Constantine. The Emperor is generally believed on account of his moral character; but the Grand Duke is heartily detested; he is likewise dreaded, his violence of character being such that he too often passes the bounds of ordinary brutality. This man, which is generally so rare in a young man, is strikingly developed in the Grand Duke Constantine, who resembles in all respects his two uncles Constantine and Michael, of deplorable memory. The Grand Duke, who is sincerely to be pitied, falls at times into paroxysms of terrible fury; and these attacks are followed by a sort of physical and moral prostration. Do not, therefore, believe the newspaper-gentry, who announce that the Crown of Poland will be given to the Grand Duke Constantine; the Emperor knows him too well, and the excesses to which the violence of his passions may carry him, ever to cause to him the task of directing either the whole or part of the empire."—*Letter from St. Petersburg, Dec. 11.*

## EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Lady H. Seymour had the honour of being presented to her Majesty the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, on the 17th inst.

The diplomatic soirée, which took place at Count Buol's on Sunday week was attended by the Ambassadors of France, England, Spain, Wurtemburg, Saxony, and others.

M. de Persigny, the French Ambassador, arrived in Paris on Monday, and, after a long conference with the Emperor, left immediately for London.

A "Te Deum" was celebrated at the Russian Embassy, Berlin, on Sunday last, for the fall of Kars, at which a very numerous assemblage was present. M. de Manteufel, the President of the Council of Ministers, was not there.

The freedom of the city of Glasgow is to be conferred on the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine in the City Hall, on Friday, the 4th January.

His Majesty King Louis of Bavaria has forwarded a valuable present to the Empress of Austria, consisting of a picture, representing full-sized portraits of all the brothers and sisters of his Majesty, painted by M. Stieler, the Court painter.

A friend of M. Guizot's lately asked him whether he thought it probable that peace would soon be made. The laconic answer was, "Monsieur, vous qui me prenez vous!"

Mr. Gibson's statue of the Queen, which arrived in England from Rome a few weeks ago, is now uncased and set up.

The rumour that the Sultan is coming to Paris has been revived. There is no reason to suppose that anything definite has been arranged on this head, but it seems to be certain that his Highness, derogating from established usages in Turkey, has accepted the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Lord Lyttelton, the first President of the Midland Institute, has expressed his willingness to deliver a lecture on Shakespeare to the members of the institute. The lecture will be delivered on the 14th of January, the day of the annual meeting.

The Archbishop of Paris has ordered the Curé of every parish in his diocese to open a dépôt for the reception of old clothes, damaged or worn-out furniture, and broken victuals for the use of the poor.

The Marchioness Dowager of Londonderry has given £50 towards the restoration of Seaford Congregational Chapel, which was blown down in one of the late gales of wind.

Chevalier Josef Ottmar, the Prince Archbishop of Vienna, was proclaimed Cardinal at a Privy Consistory held at the Vatican on the 17th inst.

Mr. May succeeds Mr. William Ley as first clerk assistant of the House of Commons, on that gentleman's resignation. Mr. May is the author of an able treatise on Parliamentary Practice.

Gregory Ghika, Hospodar of Moldavia, has proclaimed the entire abolition of serfdom in his Principality. This important act was carried into execution on November 23.

The Earl of Clarendon has transmitted to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, through Lord Wodehouse, a copy of a despatch from her Majesty's Minister at Berlin, reporting that the cattle disease from Poland has broken out in the eastern provinces of Prussia, where it is making considerable ravages.

During his stay at New Strelitz, the King of Prussia was present at the nuptials between a lady of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg's Court and Lieutenant Seeler, and conducted the young bride to the altar.

Prince George of Kantzlerzeno was married to the Princess Bisco in Vienna on Sunday last.

An Imperial decree promotes Sir Joseph Olliffe to the rank of officer in the Legion of Honour, and nominates Mr. Taylor a Knight in the same order—both having been members of the jury of the Universal Exhibition.

The Madrid journals state that the Cortes has granted M. Olazaga, on his own demand, permission to return to his post at Paris as Ambassador.

Mr. Torrens McCullagh addressed a meeting of the electors of Yarmouth, on the 21st instant, with reference to the forthcoming election, and was favourably received. A resolution to support him was unanimously passed.

A subscription has been set on foot by the Polish Society in Paris, for the benefit of the six orphans of the Polish poet Mickiewicz, whose death at Constantinople has been mentioned. In three days 108,000fr. were collected.

Mr. Seely, who has been canvassing the electors of Lincoln, has announced his intention of withdrawing from the contest, not believing that his chance of success offers any promise of a majority.

Captain Simmons, who so gallantly led the attacking column of the Turkish force at the passage of the Ingair, is the Captain Simmons who was formerly one of the inspectors of the railway department of the Board of Trade.

Colonel Turr has been transferred to Vienna, and is now in the military prison. It is not thought likely that he will be detained long in custody.

The New York papers indulge in very enthusiastic descriptions of the manner in which Madle. Lagrange and Madame. Namier Didier sing Semiramide and Arsace, in Rossini's celebrated opera.

All the jurors in the case of Strahan, Paul, and Bates have signed a memorial to the Queen, stating that if the facts alleged in Mr. Bates's petition for pardon had been proved before them, they would have acquitted him.

M. Thalberg has left Rio for Buenos Ayres, where his performances have been attended with brilliant success; and the attentions lavished upon the great pianist are equal to any that could be paid to the highest envoy from any foreign State.

The reading of his "Christmas Carol," by Mr. C. Dickens, at the Peterborough Corn Exchange, on Tuesday week, was attended by a large and brilliant audience. About £50 was received for tickets.

At Athens "Il Trovatore" has been produced at the Italian Opera; its success was immense.

The family of Madle. Rachel have received a letter from the celebrated tragedienne, stating that she is obliged, by the state of her health, to discontinue her representations in America, and that she is about to return to Europe, intending to reside at Nice.

The Rev. Rowland Williams, of King's College, author of "National Godliness," was examining chaplain to the Bishop of Llandaff, who has recently relieved him from that office.

Madle. Alboni has appeared with great success at the Theatre Royal, Brussels, in "La Favorita."

The Rev. W. Wheeler, for many years Vicar of Old and New Shoreham, in the county of Sussex, has left the Church of England and become a member of the Church of Rome.

A move is being made in the West Riding in favour of the Right Hon. Mr. T. Baines, member for Leeds, as the Liberal candidate.

The Moniteur contains several decrees announcing nominations in the Legion of Honour, promotions in different regiments, and conferring thirty-six military medals.

The execution of Abraham Baker for the murder of his fellow-servant, Naomi Kingswell, at Southampton, is fixed to take place at Winchester on the 6th of January.

Several of the French provincial journals say that a grand council of war, composed of the Generals recalled or returned from the Crimea, is shortly to be assembled in Paris.

A notice of a recent steam-boat explosion ends as follows:—"The captain swam ashore; so did the chambermaid. She was insured for 15,000dols., and loaded with iron."

The war budget of the kingdom of Sardinia, just presented to the Piedmontese Chambers, fixes the expenses of the Eastern war during 1855 and 1856 at 74,239,521f., including 11,376,401f. for the navy.

The town of Montmartre, which now possesses a population between 20,000 and 25,000 souls, is about to borrow 400,000fr. for the formation of a circular boulevard on the top of the hill on which it is situated.

The demand for shipwrights at the present time in the West of England is very great. Six months' certain employment is guaranteed, and the rate of wages offered is generally 6s. per day, with almost unlimited work as overtime.

The prison of Baden, in the canton of Berne, has been destroyed by fire. Out of 73 prisoners 15 are missing, most of

## FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, December 24th.

The principal interest of the moment, after the reports *pro* and *con*. the peace question, is the entry of the troops, and the preparations made for their reception. It seems that certain difficulties of detail respecting the banquet to be given them in the Palais d'Industrie render it likely that this *échéance* may be postponed.

It is decided that the balls and other Court receptions of the season will be given at the Tuilleries—an arrangement which it was reported the position of the Empress might interfere with. Her Majesty continues to enjoy excellent health, and the approaching event is anticipated with every prospect of a happy termination. She continues, when the weather permits, to walk on the terrace in the Jardins des Tuilleries set apart for her, generally accompanied by the Emperor.

A large number of medals are being struck at the Monnaie in celebration of the Exposition Universelle. The members of the Imperial commission have the great gold medal; the Presidents of the Juries each four large and small medals—two in gold, two in silver; and each member of the Juries two silver medals. The report that the Building of the Exhibition is to be utilized as a hippodrome gains ground considerably. It is supposed that it will be employed for public equestrian performances on certain days, and on the intervening ones, in winter, as a military riding school.

The façade of the new Louvre looking on the Place du Carrousel, now cleared from the scaffolding which surrounded it, presents a highly-imposing effect, notwithstanding that the difference it presents to the rest of the building is in questionable taste. The avenue conducting from the Place du Carrousel to the Cour du Louvre is 125 mètres in width, and receives the name of the Place Louis Napoleon. To the Court of the Louvre has been brought the colossal equestrian statue of François I. by Clésinger, after a journey of four days from the atelier. For this statue the Emperor advanced the sum of 10,000 francs, to meet the preliminary expenses. It is in bronze, but yet covered with plaster, which will not be removed for some days. The same artist has just terminated a statue of Frédéric Soulié, which is to be placed in the foyer of the Porte St. Martin Théâtre.

Among the various consequences of the dearness of meat, has arisen a singular one, viz., the foundation of a society in Paris for the introduction of horseflesh into the market! it is also a positive fact that M. Isidore Geoffrey de St. Hilaire has made this point the subject of one of his recent discourses in the *Cours Publics d'Instruction*, and that it was very well received. If the question of the economy of the measure can be proved (a circumstance which we greatly doubt), we really cannot see anything revolting or unreasonable in the project, nor any impossibility in carrying it out.

A variety of rumours respecting the appointment of a new batch of Senators among the ranks of art and letters, are afloat: Ingres, Delacroix, Auber, and the Comte Alfred de Vigny, are some of the names mentioned for this distinction.

The sale of the pictures and drawings of Camille Roqueplan has, we are happy to state, in no way disappointed the expectations formed as to its result. A set of unfinished pictures, sketches and outlines, alone averaged £20 a piece; the completed works fetched very considerable prices, and the sum realized will form a comfortable provision for the widow and daughter of the artist.

The theatrical world has been in a state of very great ferment and excitement respecting the piece at the Odéon, "La Florentine," mentioned in one of our preceding letters. A variety of reports—some stating that the work was the production of a certain Imperial Highness, others that it was in consequence of orders issuing from the Palais Royal that the piece had been accepted at the theatre—called the attention of the not very favourably disposed sets—those of the Faubourg St. Germain, and Messieurs les Etudiens of the Quartier Latin—to it. Hence a cabal, the demonstrations of which have on one or two occasions called for the interference of the police, has done its best to put down the work, which, however, continues, perhaps the more for this reason, to command a considerable success.

Madame George Sand's new piece has been received by a majority of votes at the Théâtre Français, where it will ere long be represented. This celebrated writer is about, in connexion with M. Paulin Limayrac, to publish a singular work of considerable extent. The first portion, containing two volumes, is to be entitled "Les Amants Célèbres;" "Adam et Eve." Then follow in succession the histories, real or fabulous, of all the remarkable lovers of history, sacred and profane, of legend and of modern times. Such a field affords unlimited scope for the exercise of Mdme. Sand's genius; and the work cannot fail to be one of the most singular and interesting of modern productions.

The new work, "Les Saisons," which was to have made its appearance at the Opéra Comique ere this, has been delayed in consequence of an accident occurring to the voice of Mdme. Ugalde, to whom the principal rôle had been confided.

In the last monthly meeting of the Académie, called in order that the members might communicate to the Assembly the various productions of the different members, M. Viennet read a Tartar tragedy, in one act, entitled "Zelma." The scene is laid in the Crimea, if not at Sebastopol itself.

The Théâtre Français is about shortly to produce the work of a young amateur dramatist, M. Armand Durantin, son of a counsellor of the Cour Impériale. This piece, a proverb, entitled "Il ne faut pas courir deux lieux à la fois," has already been privately performed among a circle of the high magistracy, and is said to possess great merit.

The theatre in the house of the Comte de Castellane is preparing to open. The whole of this fantastically-magnificent abode is being arranged and decorated for the winter campaign, with yet greater expense and originality than it already displayed.

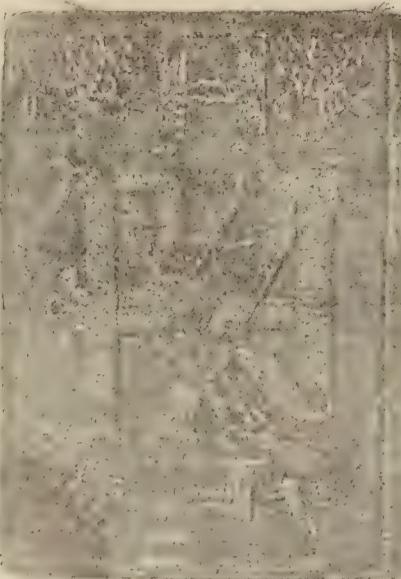
The Variétés and the Palais Royal theatres have each brought out a *revue* of the events of the year—a custom somewhat resembling that of our Christmas pantomimes. Both are sufficiently amusing: in that of the latter house, the name and general outline are taken from the popular song of the moment, "Le Site de Frambois." It is extremely well played by the élite of that most amusing company, and is highly popular. At the Italian Opéra the new work, "Florina," is moderately successful, notwithstanding the wretched feebleness of the libretto. This theatre is preparing for the season "Leonora," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," "Don Bucefale," "Beatrice di Tenda," "Don Pasquale," "Don Giovanni," "Semiramide," and—*we must cry, "hold—enough!" surely.*

*La Grande*—in common parlance Mdle. Rachel Félix—has given a fresh proof of her immortality in the contradiction of the report of her demise; which, *du reste*, nobody, we believe credited for an instant.

**THE PEON, THE RAT, AND THE SNAKE.**—One of those singular escapes occurred a few days back for narrating which old Indians get accused of drawing the most formidable long-bows, when they settle down on their pensions in that portion of the metropolis dedicated to their retirement under the appropriate name of Asia Minor. This, however, is a fact, as doubtless is many a similar story which has made people stare and shake their heads. A peon in the Tannah near the College Bridge observed a rat run across the floor. He stooped to look after it, having his turban off and his back hair loose. While in this position he suddenly felt as though some one were tugging him back by his hair. He put his hand up, and to his horror found there was a large cobra on his back, struggling to free its teeth from his hair, in which they had got entangled. Probably the reptile had also observed the rat, and had dropped from the roof, imbued with as keen a love of hunting as the peon himself. Be that as it may, the snake ultimately succeeded in getting loose, and escaped to a hole without inflicting any injury on the man. By the orders of the chief magistrate the place was pulled down the next day, and there, sure enough, was the snake, with the rat in his stomach half digested.—*Delhi Gazette.*

Memorabilia,  
LITERARY, ANTIQUARIAN, SCIENTIFIC, AND  
ARTISTIC.*"A little chink may let in much light."—OLD PROVERB*

NEW YEAR'S GIFT OF ELIZABETH TO HER FATHER, HENRY VIII.



Among the literary treasures displayed for the instruction and amusement of visitors to the MSS. department of the British Museum, is a small, unprepossessing-looking little volume, in the handwriting of Queen Elizabeth, when Princess, the embroidered cover of which forms the subject of our present Engraving. This interesting relic is about 5½ inches long by 4 broad, and contains 234 pages of writing in the bold printing character so well known to have been used by Elizabeth in her younger days, before the cares of State sat heavily upon her. The subject of the manuscript is a collection of Prayers and Meditations in English, made by Queen Catherine Parr, and translated by Elizabeth into three languages—Latin, French, and Italian. From the dedication it appears that the volume was intended as a New Year's gift to Henry VIII, and that at the period of its execution the Princess could not have been more than twelve years of age.

On folio 1 is the following title:—"Precationes seu meditationes quibus mens conovetur ad omnes perturbationes hujus vita patienter ferendas, ad vanam prosperitatem hujus mundi contemnendam, et ad eternam felicitatem adiuvare expectandam. Ex quibusdam pilis scriptoribus per nobiliss. et pictiss. D. Catharinam Anglie, Francie, Hibernie, reginam collecte, et per Elizabetham ex Anglicis conversae."

The dedication follows on folio 2, beginning—"Illustrissimo ac potentissimo Regi, Henrico Octavo, Anglie, Francie, Hibernie, regi, fidei defensori, et secundum Christum ecclesie Anglicane et Hibernice supremo capituli, Elizabetha, Majest. S. humilissima filia, omnem felicitatem precatur, et benedictionem suam supplex petit," &c., &c.

This address occupies about seven pages of the manuscript, and ends thus:—"Ille rex regum cuius manus corda regum sunt, ita gubernet annuum tuum et vitam tueatur, ut in vera pietate ac religione diu sub majestatis tue imperio vivamus. Harfordia, 30 die Decembris, 1545."

The covers of the volume are formed of strong threads of crimson silk, knit together with gold. In the centre of each is the word "Katherine" in form of a monogram, while above and below is the letter "H," and at each corner a rose.

An exact facsimile of the manuscript appears to have been executed for King George III., and forms No. 10 of his collection, also in the British Museum. The binding is likewise made in imitation, with monograms embroidered in gold, but one is different, and possibly contains the name of the transcriber; viz., "P. P." above, "F. C. W. A." in the middle, and "B" at the bottom.

The MS. now under notice became the property of the nation at the transfer of the Royal Collection in 1757, and is numbered 7 D. X.

The following line, taken from the fourth page of the Dedication, will convey an idea of the beauty of Elizabeth's writing at that tender age:—

*civique magna industria Regine*

## SHAKSPEARE READINGS.

No. III.

Amid the many valuable suggestions to be found in Mr. Staunton's MS. are some curious examples of the facility and indisputable correctness with which some corrupt passages in our bard may be restored by a simple transposition of words. Of these I select one specimen, which is too convincing to require comment:—

They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might,  
So hath your Highness. *Henry V.*, act i., s. 2.

By a simple transposition of the words "grace" and "cause," Mr. Staunton restores the true reading:—

They know your cause hath grace, and means, and might,  
So hath your Highness.

No. IV.

The next emendation I shall select is one of the most beautiful and conclusive in the collection:—

Every fairy take his gait,  
And each several chamber bless  
Through this palace with sweet peace,  
Ever shall in safety rest,  
And the owner of it blest.

*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act v.

The Perkins' folio alters "in safety" to "it safely," reading the penultimate line—

Ever shall it safely rest,

where "it," as also in the last line, refers to "palace."

This emendation is plausible and ingenious, but it is not to be entertained for a moment in comparison with that proposed by Mr. Staunton. He says that the *s* in the second word of the penultimate line is a misprint for a *y*, which in the MS. was probably mistaken for a tailed *s*. Accordingly he restores the line thus:—

Every hall in safety rest,  
And the owner of it blest.

This reading is well supported by the following extract from Chaucer:—

Blissing halles, chamberes, kitchenes, and boures.

As likewise the following:—

Rushes \* \* \* be good to strew in halles, chamberes, and galleries.

*Bulwer's Bulwark of Defence* (1579).

No. V.

For what is inward between us let it pass. I do beseech thee remember thy courtesy.

*Lord's Labour's Lost*, act v., s. 1.

On this passage Mr. Dyce observes—"Nothing can be more evident than that Shakespeare wrote, 'remember not thy courtesy.' Iloofernes had taken off his hat. Armado condescendingly says, 'Don't stand on courtesy, apparel thy head.' Most people, no doubt, are of Mr. Dyce's opinion, but both he and they will think differently after reading the following extracts, which Mr. Staunton cites in support of the original text:—

I pray you be remembered, and cover your head.

*Ancient Mœritie of Lusty Juventus.*

Then I pray remember your courtesy.

*Fauustus.*

Pray remember your courtesy \* \* \* Nay, pray be covered.

*Every Man in His Humour*, act i., s. 2.

C. MANSFIELD INGLEBY.

## QUERIES.

**BALAA'M'S ASSE.**—In the public library at Cambridge, there is a manuscript pamphlet, on long paper, of forty-eight pages, entitled "Balaa'm's Asse, or a free dis-course touching the murmurs and fearful dis-contents of the tyme: directed to His Majesty K. J. by way of humble Advertisement." After the word "Advertisement," another hand has added "before his going into Scotland." There is no date to be found. On the first page is the following marginal note:—"The Author one Williams, an Inner of the Court, Gent., who, as I was informed by Mr. Terrell, was afterwards hanged." Can any of your readers answer the following questions? Was the pamphlet of "Balaa'm's Asse" ever printed and published? Was the reputed author of it—"Williams"—hanged? And if so, why?—REUBEN.

**INTONING THE CHURCH SERVICE.**—Will you kindly inform me if there are any ecclesiastical records which speak of intoning the Church Service in the primitive church? The Rubric orders the service to be "said or sung," but it does not specify that it is to be *intoned in one note*, as in the present day.—M. STONEHOUSE.

**SIDE SADDLES.**—Perhaps some one can inform me what bold female it was who invented the present beautiful but somewhat perilous seat of ladies on horseback. Unquestionably, in olden time, ladies sat on horseback as gentlemen now do, for in Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims" the fair equestrian of the party is described by the poet as having

A paire of spurres sharpe.

At present, though the position is far more graceful and becoming for a lady, no fair rider can aspire to more than one spur. When and by whom was this change effected?—N.Y.Z.

## NOTES.

**ROYAL AND NOBLE NEWSPAPER WRITERS.**—There is a curious fact in the history of newspapers worth remembering, viz., that the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu was a frequent correspondent of the *Mercure Français*, and that the King himself, Louis XIII., often contributed to its columns. D'Israeli the elder, who gives us this information, adds, "Many articles in the Royal handwriting, and corrected by the Royal hand, are still in preservation."

—EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

**NOVEL DERIVATION OF THE TERM "SLOUTH" HOUND.**—In the account of "Certayne Matters concerning the Realme of Scotland, composed together," 1663, I find the following derivation of the word "sloth"-hound. After a tolerably correct description of the hound, and his peculiar qualifications under the term of "Suth"-hound, the account proceeds thus:—"But now, of late, he is called by a new popular name, the slouth-hound. Because, when as the people doe live in slouth and idleness, and neither by themselves, or by the office of a good herd, or by the strength of a good house, they doe preserve their goods from the incursion of theves and robbers, then have they recourse to the dog, for the reparation of their slouth."—RUGLEN.

It is apparent, on an examination of the map of England, that places whose names end in "by" are common in the north and north-east, but extremely rare in other parts. It is said that not a single instance of such a termination to the name of a place exists south of Warwick. Appleby, Grimsby, Whitby, Selby, &c., are instances of such names. Few general readers are probably acquainted with the explanation of this circumstance, which is of some historical interest, and is as follows. The north-eastern coast of England was occupied chiefly by the Angles, the Saxons and Jutes settling in the south and west. In the language of the Angles the "by" was a civic institution, and may be taken in the sense of town or city, and it was, therefore, a frequent terminative to their names of places. As they gave their name to the district of East Anglia, so we find, in the same district, places named Angle-by and Ingling-by, no doubt being two forms of the same word, meaning the "by" or town of the Angles. From this term "by" is derived the legal expression a by-law, which literally means a town law, and is defined by Blackstone ("Commentaries," 1, 475), as the law which corporations have the right of making for their own government, as long as it does not interfere with the general law of the land. A by-road, by-street, by-play, &c., are also of similar origin, conveying, in their respective meanings, the same sense of secondary importance which a by-law has in comparison to a Royal statute.—BEAM.

**FELTON, THE ASSASSIN OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.**—The following note at page xxii. of Mr. Fairholme's introduction to "Poems and Songs relating to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham," edited by him for the Percy Society, will doubtless be acceptable to your Correspondent, Mr. Yates, who asks where the paper found in Felton's hat is preserved:—"At his (Mr. Upcott's) death this paper was not found, and what has become of it is not now known for a certainty." A very exact facsimile was first published by him in his privately printed catalogue of autographs; and afterwards in "Smith's Facsimiles of Historical and Literary Curiosities," from whence we obtain the copy of Felton's autograph here given." \* \* \* The contents of this paper ran thus:—"That man is cowardly base and desperveth not the name of a gentleman or Souldier that is not willing to sacrifice his life for the honor of his God his Kinge and his Countrie. Lett noe man command me to doinge of it, but rather discomfet themselves as the cause of it, for if God had not taken away of harts for sinnes he would not have gone so long unpunished. Jo: Felton."—J. K. B. W.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

**TOADS.**—I beg to inform you that I was present at the King's Arms, Gilderson-street, near Adwalton, Yorkshire, kept by Mr. J. Holiday, Dec. 1854, when on a piece of hard stone-coal being broken, a living toad, of large size was found imbedded in the centre of it; and, after being exposed to the air a short time it died. The piece of coal can be seen at the house (King's Arms) any time, with the toad still in it, but quite hard and dry.—RICHARD TASKE.

**ANALYTICS OF ARISTOTLE.**—In the *Organon*, or Logical Treatises of Aristotle, by Owen (vol. i. p. 80—356, Bohm's ed.), the Prior and Posterior Analytics are translated; and I have found this translation, and the notes, most valuable aid in penetrating into the mind of the great Stagirite. The price of both volumes is but 7s., and the second volume contains an analysis of great utility, and, to some persons, indispensable. Many thanks are due to Mr. Bohm for so spirited an undertaking, especially by poor scholars.—T. J. BUCKTON, Lichfield.

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